THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

DECEMBER, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.*

WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

But hark what nymph in Frome's embroider'd vale,
With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale?
With what sweet sounds the bordering forest rings,
For sportive echo catches, as she sings,
Each falling accent, studious to prolong
The warbled notes of ROWE's ecstatic song?
Old Avon, pleas'd, his ready forehead rears,
And polish'd Orrery delighted hears.
See with what transport she resigns her breath,
Snatch'd by a sudden, but a wish'd-for death!
Releas'd from earth, with smiles she soars on high,
Amidst her kindred spirits of the sky,
Where faith and love these endless joys bestow,
That warm'd her lays and fill'd her heart below.

DUNCOMBE.

FROM the delineation of the life of the comedian, Fawcett, an excellent moral character, we pass on to the biography of an indi-

vidual strictly religious; and no one, except the gloomy enthusiast or the surly bigot, denies the connection that subsists between religion and morality. To their union we owe every thing dear to humanity: it lays the basis of private happiness, and constitutes the surest pledge of public prosperity.

Mrs. Rowe was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, Sept. 11, 1674. Her parents, of the name of Singer, were both of them persons of distinguished merit and piety. The daughter is said to have been religious from an early period of life, for we find the following passages in her Devotional Exercises—"My infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers!'

Among her first indications of genius was her love of music, painting, and poetry. The music in which she delighted was of the solemn kind. To indulge her taste for painting, she is said to have squeezed out the juices of herbs for colours; and as soon as she was able to write, she wrote poetry. Her paraphrase of the 38th chapter of Job was written at the request of Bishop Ken, and gained her much reputation. The Hon. Mr. Thynne, son to the Lord Viscount Weymouth, taught her the French and Italian languages; in a few months, we are assured, she was able to read in the original that delightful poem, "Tasso's Jerusalem," which we have analysed in this and the two preceding numbers of our Miscellany.

In the year 1710, she married Mr. Thomas Rowe, a young gentleman of a reputable fa-

mily, who was remarkably devoted to knowledge and improvement. Such, however, was his intense application to study, that he brought on a consumption, and expired, May 13, 1715, in the 28th year of his age. He died at Hampstead, where he had resided for the benefit of air, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, where, on his tomb, his name, together with the dates of his birth and his death are inscribed. Her attachment to her husband was such, that she wrote lines on every anniversary of his decease, one of which concludes with these words:

When shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead!

After the death of her beloved partner, she quitted London, removed to Frome, and buried herself in retirement. The greatest part of her estate lay in that part of the country. In this recess she composed those pieces which, for devotion of sentiment and vivacity of language, have gained her the love and admiration of posterity.

These pieces, published in 1728, 1729, 1731, and 1733, were, "Friendship in Death, in 20 Letters from the Dead to the Living," and Letters Moral and Entertaining," in prose and verse. Of the former it may be remarked that they are peculiarly striking; the characters are well chosen, the sentiments and language suited to their situation, and the whole is happily calculated to aid the great purposes of virtue and piety. Of the latter, it recommends itself

by an astonishing variety: the subjects are judicious and pleasing; to the young, the manner of treating them must be acceptable. Virtue is pourtrayed with all her fascinating charms. Vice is held up in all its tremendous consequences. Religion seldom appears more amiable and instructive than in these Letters: the writer of this article read them when very young, and they made an indelible impression on his memory.

In the year 1736 she published her "History of Joseph," a poem founded on that exquisitely tender and affecting narrative which enriches and adorns the Old Testament. At its first appearance, it was carried no further than the marriage of the hero of the poem, but, at the request of an illustrious lady, two books were added, including Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren, which she is said to have written in a few days. There are many very pleasing passages in this poem, and it may be read with considerable advantage by the rising generation.

Mrs. Rowe enjoyed uncommon strength of constitution, and passed a long series of years without any serious indisposition. About half a year previous to her decease, she was attacked by a disorder, which was thought to forebode her speedy dissolution. In this illness, though much alarmed at its first approach, yet by religious meditation she obtained serenity and calmness of mind: she even repeated with pleasure Pope's "Dying Christian to his Soul," that universally admired piece of sacred poetry,

But she recovered from this alarming indisposition, and looked forward even to longevity.

Such, however, is the uncertainty of life—such the precarious tenure on which we hold all our earthly possessions, that on the very day on which she was seized with the fatal distemper, she seemed to enjoy her usual health and vigour, and even at eight o'clock in the evening conversed with those about her with vivacity. She soon after retired to her chamber. About ten o'clock, her servant hearing some noise in the room, ran into it, and found her fallen from her chair, speechless, on the ground, in the agonies of death! A physician and surgeon were immediately sent for, but without success. Having been borne by them to her bed, she expired, Feb. 20, 1737, in the 63d year of her age. A pious book was found lying open by her when she was seized with her disorder, which proved an apoplexy. Some loose papers were on the table, on which she had written these unconnected sentences:

O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!
O speak, and let me know thy heavenly will,
Speak evidently to my list'ning soul!
O fill my soul with love, with light, and peace,
And whisper heavenly comforts to my soul!
O speak, celestial spirit, in the strain
Of love and heavenly pleasure to my soul!

This truly affecting scene, which took place in the chamber of Mrs. Rowe, and with which her valuable life closed, is happily represented in the second plate accompanying the present

number of our Miscellany. Let the reader, at the expiration of the year, contemplate it with suitable emotions. The certain termination of human glory ought always to generate sentiments favorable to virtue and piety.

She was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father, in the meeting-place at Frome. Mr. Evans, in his 'Juvenile Tourist,' just published, mentions his having seen her grave "marked by a long flat stone of a blackish hue; her modesty would not suffer it to be disfigured by an inscription."

In the cabinet of Mrs. Rowe, after her death, were found pious letters, addressed to several persons of distinction, which were faithfully delivered to them. Among the rest, there was one to the great and good Dr. Watts, accompanying her truly valuable papers containing the "Devout Exercises of her Heart," in meditation, soliloquy, prayer, and praise, which he, agreeable to her desire, communicated to the world. With a passage indicative of the delightful turn of mind which she had indulged through life, and taken out of this epistle, we shall conclude our biography:—"I have now done with mortal things, and all to come is vast eternity! Eternity—how transporting is the sound! As long as God exists, my being and happiness are secure. These unbounded desires, which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied for ever, I shall drink at the fountainhead of pleasure, and be refreshed with the emanations of original life and joy."

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 81.

BEAUTIES OF TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

(Hoole's Translation.)

WE now hasten to close our extracts from this beautiful poem. Our readers will judge of the performance from the selections already given, and it is impossible for a good taste not to receive an appropriate gratification.

The refreshing effects of a shower, after a long drought, are well represented:

The christians now salute with joyful cry
The grateful deluge from the pitying sky:
These on their locks or vests the stream receive,
From helms or vases those their thirst relieve;
Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave,
Their faces some, and some their temples lave;
While earth, that late her gaping rifts disclos'd,
And fainting lay, to parching heat expos'd,
Relieves and ministers the vital showers
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees, and flowers.
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns,
No more the flame within her bosom burns—
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd soil,
Again renew'd, her hills and vallies smile!

In a vision, Godfrey is thus sublimely addressed:

Now cast thy sight to yonder globe below.
See all that earth on mortals can bestow!
Behold what vileness there obscures mankind,
Say what rewards can there the virtuous find?
A naked solitude—a narrow space
Confines the senseless pride of human race.
Earth, like an isle, is round with waves embrac'd:
Survey yon sea, the mighty and the vast,
Which here can no such glories, titles, claim,
A pool unnated and a worthless name!
He said—and Godfrey downward bent his eyes,
And view'd the earth with pity and surprise:
He smil'd to see the numerous nations boast,
Lands, floods, and oceans in an atom lost;
Amaz'd that man, with sensual follies blind,
Should there, immers'd in smoke, in gloom confin'd,
Pursue vain empire, and an airy name,
Nor heed the call of Heaven and virtue's lasting flame!

The two knights, on their voyage to the Fortunate Islands, had the following female guide to steer their vessel:

Amidst the stream a little bark appear'd,
A virgin at the stern the vessel steer'd:
Depending ringlets o'er her forehead stray,
And mild benevolence her looks display;
Her lovely features beams effulgent shed,
And heavenly glories blaze around her head;
Her vesture gay a thousand colours shows,
Now flames with red, and now with azure glows:
At every turn it shifts, the transient light,
And cheats with momentary hues the sight!
Such various grace the billing dove assumes,
Whose gentle neck is cloth'd with glossy plumes;

For ever new, the varied feathers play,
Reflecting every tint of every ray.
While, as they move, successive beauties rise,
And fill with strange delight the gazer's eyes!

The Fortunate Islands are thus pourtrayed:

'Twas said that Heav'n to these such grace allow'd,
No shining share the sable furrows plough'd;
The lands, untill'd, could plenteous crops produce,
And vines unprun'd supply nectareous juice;
Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green,
From hollow oaks was liquid honey seen.
The rivers murmuring from the hills above,
With crystal streams renew'd the vernal grove.
No sultry heat oppress'd the grateful day,
Soft dews and zephyrs cool'd the solar ray;
And here were feign'd the mansions of the blest,
Th' Elysian seats of everlasting rest!

The beautiful Armida is set forth in the following lines:

Now in a braid she bound her flowing hair,
Now smooth'd the roving locks with decent care,
Part with her hand in shining curls she roll'd,
And deck'd with azure flowers the waving gold;
Her veil compos'd with roses sweet she dress'd
The native lilies of her fragrant breast:
Not half so proud of glorious plumage vain,
The peacock sets to view his glittering train;
Not Iris shews so fair, when dewy skies
Reflect the changeful light with various dyes!

The caliph before whom the Egyptian forces appeared, is described in these poetic lines:

High on a stately throne himself was plac'd,
Th' ascent a hundred steps of ivory grac'd,
A silver canopy o'erspread his seat,
And gold and purple lay beneath his feet;
Around his head the snow-white linen roll'd,
His turban form'd of many a winding fold;
The sceptre in his better hand was seen.
His beard was white, and awful was his mien.
His thoughtful brow sedate experience shows:
Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardour glows.
Alike maintain'd in every act appears
The pomp of pow'r or dignity of years!

The moral sentiment of the subsequent passage renders it worth transcription:

Think not our good is plac'd in flowery fields,
In transient joys which fading beauty yields:
Above the steep, the rocky path it lies,
On virtue's hill whose summit cleaves the skies!
Who gains th' ascent must many toils engage,
And spurn the pleasures of a thoughtless age.
Wilt thou, dismay'd, the arduous height forego,
And lurk ignobly in the vale below?
To thee a face erect has nature given,
And the pure spirit of congenial Heaven,
That far from earth thy generous thoughts might rise,
To gain by virtuous deeds th' immortal prize!

The meditations of Rinaldo, on Mount Olivet, are pleasing:

To Olivet the pensive hero pass'd,
And, musing deep, around his looks he cast,
Alternate viewing here the spangled skies,
And there the spreading light of morning rise;

Then to himself he said—" What beams divine,
In Heav'n's eternal sacred temple shine!
The day can boast the chariot of the sun,
The night, the golden stars and silver moon!
But ah! how few will raise their minds so high,
While the frail beauties of a mortal eye,
The transient lightnings of a glance, a smile,
From female charms our earthly sense beguile.

A conquered town is thus affectingly described:

What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,
And speak the horrors of a conquer'd town!
Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd,
The ghastly slain appear in mountains pil'd.
Thereon th' unbury'd corse and wounded spread,
The living here interr'd beneath the dead.
With flowing hair pale mothers fly distress'd,
And clasp'd their harmless infants to the breast.
The spoiler here, impell'd by thirst of prey,
Bears on his laden back the spoils away.
The soldier there, by lust ungovern'd sway'd,
Drags by her graceful locks th' affrighted maid!

Here follows a vivid picture of Godfrey about to address his troops:

Then on a rapid steed, in open view,
From rank to rank, 'twixt horse and foot, he flew,
From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he cast,
His eyes his figure lighten'd as he pass'd!
The cheerful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd,
And for their former deeds the valiant prais'd.
He bade the bold their ancient boasts regard,
Some urg'd with honor's, some with gold's reward.

At length he stays where thickening round him stand
The first, the bravest of the martial band;
Then from on high his speech each hearer warms,
Swells the big thought, and fires the soul to arms.
As from steep hills the rushing torrents flow,
Increas'd with sudden falls of melting snow,
So from his lips with swift effusion pours
Mellifluous eloquence in copious show'rs.

The address of Emirenes to his troops suits the present state of our beloved country; the words might be addressed to every soldier and volunteer throughout the united empire of Britain:

O think, by me your country begs (he cries),
And thus adjuring, on your aid relies!
Preserve my laws, preserve each sacred fane,
Nor let my children's blood my temples stain;
Preserve from ruffian force th' affrighted maid,
Preserve the tombs and ashes of the dead!
To you, oppress'd with bending age and woe,
Their silver locks your hoary fathers show;
To you your wives, your lisping infants sue,
All ask their safety and their lives from you!

The deaths of Edward and Gildippe are truly picturesque:

As when an axe the stately elm invades,
Or storms uproot it from its native shades,
It falls, and with it falls the mantling vine,
Whose curling folds its ample waist entwine:
So Edward sunk beneath the pagan steel,
So with her Edward fair Gildippe fell,

They strive to speak—their words are lost in sighs,
And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.
Each other still with mournful looks they view,
And close embracing, take the last adieu,
Till losing both the cheerful realms of night,
Their gentle souls together take their flight!

Rinaldo and Armida are placed in an affecting situation:

Armida turn'd, and straight the knight beheld
(Unheard he came, and sudden stood reveal'd);
Surpris'd she sees, and shrieking with affright,
From his lov'd face averts her angry sight.
She faints! she sinks! as falls a tender flow'r,
Whose feeble stem supports the head no more.
His arms he threw around her lovely waist,
Her weight supported, and her zone unbrac'd;
While gently bending o'er the fair distress'd,
His sorrows bath'd her face and lovely breast.
As wet with pearly drops of morning dews,
The drooping rose her wonted grace renews,
So she recovering soon, her visage rears,
All moist and trickling with her lover's tears!

The poet then proceeds to relate the triumphant deeds of Godfrey, and with these lines concludes the poem:

Thus conquer'd Godfrey—and as yet the day
Gave from the western waves the parting ray:
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode,
The domes where CHRIST had made his blest abode,
In sanguine vest, with all his princely train,
The chief of chiefs then sought the sacred fane;

There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms display'd,
And there to Heaven his vow'd devotions paid!

Thus have we, in a cursory manner, run over this delightful epic poem, and the reader will, we doubt not, thank us for having brought forward so many pleasing passages for his contemplation. The Crusades were the offspring of superstition, and of course are by no means entitled to our approbation: but they certainly constitute a fine subject for an epic poem. Wrought up by the genius of Tasso, it has long been admired, and will not fail to ensure to itself the admiration of posterity. Voltaire says, "No man in the world was ever born with a greater genius, and more qualified for epic poetry." He died at Rome, 1525, having spent a few days before his death in special preparation for futurity. The pope ordered him a magnificent funeral; and such was the celebrity of his name that the simple inscription *Torquati Tassi-ossa*—the remains of TORQUATUS TASSO—was deemed the best epitaph for his tomb. His elegant translator, Mr. Hoole, died very lately at Tenterden, in Kent.

Islington. J. E.

OBADIAH.

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE.

Concluded from page 278.

ELEVATED with new hopes, and impelled by new desires, Obadiah, with joyous alacrity, followed his new guides to the throne of the goddess. She received him with smiles and blandishments; and, after listening with complacency to his declaration of future allegiance, dismissed him, by bidding him not to fear a power whose laws were to render man free and happy. On retiring from the presence of the goddess, Obadiah asked who were the three persons whom he had observed crouched behind the throne, apparently with the intention of being concealed from all eyes. "Are they," said Obadiah, "offenders? for they were covered to the girdle with an impenetrable black veil, and appeared to me unfit objects for a temple so gay and brilliant."—"We know little of them," answered one of the jocund group; "We have, indeed, heard, that, some time since, some strangers visited this happy country, and still continue to do so from time to time: but, as they always refuse the customary tribute, and discover a contempt of our laws, they are always ignominiously banished; notwithstanding they plead in their excuse the commands of an ancient oracle, which warns them to refuse our laws, and to despise our sovereign. It may be, that those whom thou

hast noticed belong to these severe and insolent travellers; and that, as thou hast surmised, they are doing penance for their contumelious conduct. But, were curiosity or inquiry not forbidden to the subjects of Pleasure, the mystery which hangs about these persons might excite a desire of knowing their peculiar destination and office; for they appear to be attached to the goddess by an irrevocable decree of fate, and wherever she moves, they follow with unwearied steps, and concealed, as thou sawest them. But the precious moments," added the speaker, "are escaping us—let us enjoy them."

Obadiah wanted no incitements—he returned to the cup of forgetfulness, and in noisy revelry indulged, uncontrolled, in his imaginary felicity. At length he discovered that the wine had lost its flavor and its subduing power. He redoubled his draught, and thought it even nauseous; his disgusted palate refused it, and he pushed the goblet from him. The goddess frowned—she turned away her face, and fled with precipitation from her terrified votary.—With hasty steps Obadiah followed her, in order to sue for pardon. He traced her footsteps through all the intricacies of the palace and the adjoining groves. She still fled, and with impetuous speed Obadiah pursued. In her rapid flight she dropped the mask which bore the semblance of youthful beauty, and, suddenly turning on the panting Obadiah, exhibited an aspect which stiffened him into palpitating horror. As he gazed on the hideous phantom, it melted into air; and Obadiah, casting down

his aching eyes, perceived the beauteous mask of the goddess lying at his feet. He spurned it from him with indignation, exclaiming, "Is this, then, the object of my senseless worship? Is this painted pageant the idol to which I have bowed?" He stooped to take in his hand the evidence of his folly and credulity: but, on reaching forth his hand, it crumbled to dust, and thus eluded his examination.

Before he could recover from this new surprise, he was rudely grasped by some one behind him, and turning hastily to see his assailant, he discovered the three unknown personages who had so much excited his curiosity. A sudden awe and dread seized his spirits, and he stood confounded and trembling before them. They were no longer veiled, but looked like emaciated spectres, and were bending with age and decrepitude. With palsied hands they threw around him some slight bands, and each holding a part, were on the point of leading him from the spot on which he stood.

Obadiah, disdaining foes so feeble, and blushing at a passiveness which his surprise had occasioned, now, with a smile of scorn, attempted to free himself from such impotent shackles: but chains of adamantine strength could not more effectually have retained their prisoner. Obadiah felt himself controlled by a power which was too mighty to be contended with. "Thou findest," said one of the persons, "that thy efforts are vain: and yet, Obadiah, thou hast broken with ease each of these bonds many times, when singly applied, in order to check

thy mad career. But know, unhappy man, that Conscience is not to be foiled in her purpose: the opiate of Pleasure's deadly cup may lull her voice to temporary repose, but she rises with redoubled force from her lethargic slumbers, and now brings me, her minister, Remorse, to seize my prey. "Here," cried he, with a stern and hollow voice, "is my mandate—read thy condemnation!" Obadiah cast his eyes on the open scroll before him, and saw these words:

"Thou hast, Obadiah, madly and foolishly pursued Pleasure; thou hast discovered her deceitfulness, and she abjureth thee for ever, and now consigneth thee to the sharers of her power and dominion. From this destiny thou hast no appeal; for thus hath it been ordained by a decree to which all created beings bend with awful submission. But know, weak man! that thou wast their captive before thou sawest the allurements of pleasure. They have been thy unsuspected companions and secret inmates, from the hour in which thy sickly heart turned away from labour, competence, and tranquillity; and their arm hath been stretched out to seize thee, from the instant that thou forgot the duty of a son, and left thy father in his old age to sink with sorrow to his grave."

Obadiah uttered a deep groan—remembrance, like the forked and vivid lightning, burst on his mental eye.—Remorse with ghastly smile presented a small mirror: "This," cried he with exulting scorn, "this also is mine, to show thee what thou art!" Obadiah instinctively turned his hitherto averted eyes, and behold an image

reflected which appalled him—it was indeed Obadiah, but how unlike the vigorous and blooming son of Naphor! His countenance now bore the deadly hue of pallid disease: his eyes were sunk, his limbs feeble and shrunk, and his body swollen and dropsical; his head bare, his sandals old and useless, and a dirty tattered robe hung on his shoulders. "These are my trappings," said a second of the terrifying guards of Obadiah, laying upon him a hand as cold as an icicle: "the children of Penury know nothing of the gorgeous apparel or sumptuous provision of the goddess that thou hast worshipped. But I am not always the obdurate parent which thou findest me, Obadiah: thy maladies are not in the number of my gifts. Cold and nakedness make not such victims for death as riot and intemperance. Thou must now follow me. Conscience hath awakened thee, Remorse will be thy future companion, and Penury will consign thee to thy grave!"

"No!" exclaimed the indignant Obadiah; "no! I will seek in repentance, and a renewed heart, for help to save me from thy power. Shame and remorse are the portion of those without hope. I bow to their chastenings, and bless their probing hand: but whilst they strike they heal, and repentance will still conduct my erring feet to the throne of Allah. But thou, insidious foe to man! subduest those powers which are given to him for his defence; and whilst thou unnervest his hand for the labour which would protect him from thy hard authority, thou hardenest his heart to works of deadly

mischief. I disclaim thy power! Shackled as I am, these arms shall break thy bonds; for I will still live, and eat the bread of industry."

The spectre, collected, threw her meagre arms around Obadiah; he struggled to free himself from her direful embrace—his efforts burst asunder the bonds of sleep, and he heard his father's voice loudly and repeatedly calling his name; but a lethargic stupor still suspended the faculties of Obadiah, and he was unable to answer.

His father, on returning from his little voyage, found the provisions which he had left, untasted, and his son absent. He sought him with alarm, for the darkness of night began to overshadow the earth, and he at length discovered him by the whiteness of his vest, faint, and almost lifeless, under the palm-tree. With tender haste he administered a cordial, and conveyed him to the sopha. Obadiah, passively receiving his parental cares, gazed on his face, and with mute astonishment surveyed every object which met his inquiring eye.

Naphor took his hand. "My son!" cried he, "speak to thy father: relieve him, if it be possible, from the fears which now oppress him." Obadiah burst into tears, and throwing himself at Naphor's feet, faintly uttered,—"Have I still a father, or do I still dream?" Naphor, somewhat reassured, with gentle soothings besought him to take some refreshment, and Obadiah recovered his spirits by degrees.

He now recounted to his attentive father the

vision of the day, and with ingenuous humility confessed his past discontents and repining ingratitude, imploring his pardon, and assuring him that he had been taught wisdom by his eventful dream, which he should always consider as the particular favor and interposition of the Great Prophet. "We will not," said Naphor, lose the instruction of this hour in conjectures beyond our reach: it is enough for us to know that Allah reigneth, and that the creatures of his power are the objects of his providential care. We know not the instruments of his unerring will, but we know that he employs none by which the happiness of his creatures is not ultimately advanced. Regard the lesson of this day as an act of his gracious purposes, and treasure it in thy heart as the evidence of his goodness. Let it serve to correct the mistakes to which thy youth and inexperience are exposed. Thy dream, my son, is no fable: believe thy father, its colourings are drawn from that world which thou art so impatient to encounter. Thy father, Obadiah, hath been deluded by pleasure; he hath been betrayed by hypocrisy, insulted by pride, impoverished by injustice, and abandoned by pretended friends. One precious blessing still was left me!" added Naphor, deeply sighing: "with that, and my integrity, I sought peace in this retreat. But I will not deceive thee, my son. Amidst guile and the corrupting influence of example, thou oughtest to see my weakness. I preferred greatness to independence. My friends were selected from the votaries of pleasure, rather

than sedulously sought for amongst the modest and retiring children of virtue. I laughed at the prudence of age, and confiding in my strength, became an easy prey to the designing.

"But this world, encompassed as it may be with danger and difficulty to thee, is the theatre on which thou art destined to act thy part; nor is it the intention of Naphor to counteract the will of Allah, even by an impotent wish.—Go, and act thy part wisely. Thou mayest find goodness and safety; but thou must be good, and thy desires moderate, if thou meanest to tread in the paths of security. Go, my son, and the blessing of Allah be thy portion! But marvel not if I predict that thou wilt again seek thy father in this abode of repose and safety.—Thou mayest seek it in vain, for the angel of death may have reunited me to my beloved Fatima. Approach not our grave with unhallowed feet: bring to it thy innocence, thy ingenuous nature, thy piety towards the great Allah, or shun it; for thou wilt disturb the ashes of those who gave thee life."

"Yes," exclaimed Obadiah with emotion, "I will beware; for I will never hazard an experiment which may render me unworthy of partaking, with the authors of my being, of the same honored grave, and of the joyful hopes with which they met it. Never will I quit thy protecting side—never will I abandon my father in his declining age, nor forget the hand which sustained my infant weakness."

"Son of my Fatima!" said the subdued

Naphor, sinking into the arms of Obadiah, "living and perfect image of her fidelity and love! we will not be separated. Thy father shall still guide thy steps; we will prepare for the voyage, and encounter its perils together: thy strength and vigour shall support my weakness, and my experience shall be thy safeguard. Thou shalt live to adore the wisdom and goodness which have thus provided for the safety and comfort of man; and thy children shall recompense thy filial love."

Thus saying, each retired to his quiet repose; and the renewed peace of Obadiah was undisturbed.

For the Monthly Visitor.

DELUGE AT MADEIRA.

WE have been favored with the following letters from gentlemen resident at Madeira; they contain many interesting details of this dreadful accident:—

Madeira, Oct. 15, 1803.

THE weather had continued fine with us till he end of September. The wind then changed to the southward and westward, attended with much rain.—On the 2nd of October the major part of the vessels were obliged to put to sea. The weather continued bad, with occasional fair intervals, till the 9th.—On the morn-

ing of that day, I took a walk up to a place in the neighbourhood, and returned about eleven o'clock. Up to that hour scarce any rain had fallen; but it then came on violently, and rained incessantly for the remainder of the day. While it was light no accident happened, but in the course of the night the rivers swelled prodigiously, overwhelming in their progress a considerable part of the town.

The river of St. John's, after destroying every thing in its course, carried away the travendas as far up as Capm. Memuel Henriquez's house on the ascent from the bridge. Luckily the bridge at the Beco das Arenhas escaped. About thirty persons are supposed to have lost their lives by the overflowing of this river, which carried out such an immense quantity of stones to sea as to form a sort of bay for boats to the westward of the Trantes, and sheltered from the wind in that direction. A remarkable circumstance happened on this river. In flying from one of the falling houses, a maid servant dropped an infant from her arms, which was supposed to have perished. Next day, however, it was found unhurt on a dry piece of ground, along with a lap-dog belonging to the same family. The dog was close by the child, and it is imagined that the child was kept alive by the warmth of the animal's body. The river of St. Lucia, or the Praca, came down with the utmost violence. At a small quint, near the dean's, Mademoiselle Lucia Velpa and eight persons were drowned;* the current of the

* Your old servant Gois perished here.

river proceeded with the utmost impetuosity, sweeping away in its course the whole of the streets. Tinoenos Piquina, the back part of the houses on the west side of the Rua Directa were destroyed, and the stream, after carrying away the Ponte da Plata, a great part of Mr. Cock's, and several other adjacent houses, disembodied itself into the sea by its old channel.

A new channel was formed close by Mr. James Gordon's house at the Placa. The number of persons who perished here cannot be accurately ascertained. Among the persons of most note were the family of Jere Ignacio de Sorias, consisting of 18 persons, of whom only one was saved. Ruta, Foster's relation, who a short time ago had been married to his son, also perished: her body was afterwards found at the Varadoveres buried amidst the boats, with all her trinkets and other valuable articles in her pockets. The Morgada de Palhas's daughter also fell a victim, and many other individuals. A boat laden with wine from Machito, with ten men on board, anchored off the Piaca, and was never seen after dark: it was of course destroyed, with the crew and cargo.

The river of Joao Gemes distended with, if possible, still greater violence, carrying with it stones of an immense size. A little way above the bridge near the Roxenna, it broke through the town wall on the right, carrying with it every thing till it joined the main branch, which, keeping to the left, swelled to such a degree as to level the parapets of the bridge and the sides of the road, several feet above it,

in the direction of Manoel de Santeago's house, though the arch of the bridge did not give way. It then carried away almost the whole of the Rua des Panguinos, not long since built, the walls keeping off the water almost the whole length of the Hospital Velpo, the church of Nra. Sacra Calhao, except the tower, and Pedro Mendanca's new granaries and stores. The bridge likewise giving way, a house built by him some years since, and occupied by a Mr. Tatlock's family, was swept away, and every one of the family perished. A part of the fort, and all the adjoining small houses, were either carried away or greatly damaged. The Rebeccenho swelled prodigiously, and, joining the former river, contributed to increase the mischief, though its bridge stood. The bridge over the river Gencalo Ayres was partly destroyed and rendered impassable. The villages of Santa Cruz and Machico were more than half swept away. At the former, three or four, and at the latter twenty three persons perished. Cristeras de Embdos' house was carried away. Other accidents of the same kind happened in other quarters, and though it is impossible to form an accurate estimate, I think I may safely say, that two hundred persons, at least, have lost their lives in the island.

The British that perished are Mr. and Miss Tatlock, Mr. and Mrs. Morris and child, and Mr. Richard Sealy. The effects of this disaster were extended to the north east parts of the island, but to the westward were not much felt beyond Magdalena. Betwixt that place and

Funchal the rivers did much damage, but only nine persons were drowned. The friary at Serros de Deos was carried away, but the church stood. It will require many years, and all the attention of our government to repair so dreadful a calamity.

Funchal (Madeira), Oct. 15.

By eight o'clock in the evening, the three rivers which pass through the city, had increased far beyond what was ever known, and made a most tremendous noise, with vast stones continually collecting and coming down rapidly along with them. Four of the bridges out of seven in the town, gave way nearly at the same time with a dreadful crash. A church with whole streets and rows of houses, exclusive of many detached buildings, were almost instantaneously swept away or laid in ruins, with whole families and all their property and effects. The destruction has been dreadful, and the loss of lives estimated at 500 in the town and its vicinity. It appears by the accounts from the different parts of the island, that this calamity has been general, and about the same time, though the extent of the damage is not yet correctly ascertained.

The English residents who lost their lives are a Mr. Tatlock, late of London, his second daughter, son-in-law, and child, with some Portuguese domestics in their house, which, in one instant, was swept off, and not a vestige remains of even where it stood. Also a Mr. Sealy and child.

Several have had losses in their property, the waters having carried off every thing that was in their dwelling-houses, and with difficulty saved their lives. We have been very fortunate in having no loss whatever in houses or stores, and only a few milrees in dry goods, which were in the shops for sale. One quarter of the town, St. Peter's, was only saved by the bridge of St. John's river giving way, carrying off houses and plantations with it entirely. Our wine taster lost his brother, and his wife and five children, his daughter, son-in-law, and three children, their habitations being contiguous to that river. Half of the vintage is destroyed, or rendered unfit for shipping, from the continued rains.

We have seen another letter, which estimates the number of sufferers at nearly 1000. Probably that estimate is considerably exaggerated.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

From Mr. J. C. to Mr. G. S.

MY DEAR SIR, Sept. 8, 1803.

TO amuse the wanderings of my own mind, and to communicate to you my little excursion to Ipswich, am I now seated. To a heart less friendly and less romantic than yours, it would become me to make some apology for the man-

ner in which I write; but to you I need not—I well know that you ever esteem a warmth of expression, so long as that warmth points to a generous end; and that you justly appreciate any production of genius wherein virtue and truth are the ruling passions of the author.—More, my good sir, I need not say, but that I am always

Yours, in good sincerity,

J. C.

July 25, 1803.

FROM the peculiar situation of commercial affairs, I could neither promise myself much pleasure or recreation from my intended jaunt; but as I had resolved to forget as much as possible every thing connected with business, I still indulged some fond hopes that my excursion might not be altogether unpleasing; so I took a place in the mail, and arrived at Ipswich early on the Tuesday morning. In journeying down, nothing particular presented, save that the wild yet solemn stillness of the night appeared congenial to sublime contemplation:

Now came still evening in, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd: now glowed the firmament
With living saphirs; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
MILTON.

Whilst I viewed the expanded canopy of Heaven, so beautifully bedecked with stars, it very forcibly occurred to me that the inhabitants of the east must be stupid and unfeeling did they not avail themselves of their peculiar avocations, and the serenity of their sky, in order to improve and cultivate the knowledge of astronomy. No wonder then that the magi of the east have long been renowned for their astronomical and philosophical attainments. The climate, their local habits, and even their indolence conspire to render these studies necessary to promote their happiness;

With laws and arts the people to improve,
And teach the worship of the Powers above.
TASSO.

On passing onwards, just after the sun had began to illume the eastern hemisphere, I could not but notice an old man whose grey locks betokened many years, busily employed with his spade. The old man was marking out the boundaries of a cot: I will see, said I, what progress he has made when I return.

Tuesday.

I went to bed, but my slumbers were short, owing to the martial sound of trumpets, drums, and horns—the military were in motion.

Well, thought I, although I am now disturbed in my repose, how many of my countrymen rest in confidence from the very cause that has awaked me. The sentiment was fully confirmed to me during our delightful ride to the village of Hicklesham, where we dined in company with several jovial friends and countrymen; for when I beheld the fields teem with plenty, the country smile, as it were, with joy, and the snug hamlets rear their comfortable domes, are we, said I, to see these fields, which our forefathers have cultivated for ages, and which now assume the real semblance of industry—are we, said I, to see these dear fields, our homes, our families, become the mere property of an insulting foe? Fie on Englishmen, if we do! said I; and then entered the sportive village, where nought but cheerfulness enlivened the bound.

Wednesday.

Cheerful though we yesterday were, I felt this morning that the fruits of the vine, or perhaps the essence of strong spirits, had penetrated too powerfully my blood; but this did not prevent my friend C—— and I from taking an early stroll. We walked up the side of a little streamlet, which purled most charmingly along, and soon arrived at its source. Here we paused, and memory painted to me my infantine rambles—the many grand sources of knowledge, of evil, of wisdom, of happiness, and of misery which ever and anon puzzle, delight, and perplex mankind. Then did my musings lead me

to the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Ganges, in the east; the Oronooko, the Delaware, and the river de Plata, in the west: they too, said I, must have their sources. 'Yes,' said my friend, 'and so must every river.' The inference was clear—it reminded me of some of my Uncle Toby's self-evident sylogisms, by which he was wont so happily to overthrow his brother's philosophical dissertations. I cast another friendly glance on the humble streamlet, and was blending with the scenery that degree of comfort and quiet which Tasso has somewhere so finely depicted:

——————— No dangers here, my son,
As yet my kindred or my flock have known;
And these abodes, remov'd to distance far,
Have ne'er been straiten'd with the din of war.

But hark! again the sound of the trumpet! We proceeded on to the scene of military prowess; two regiments of horse were drawn up in order, and went through the various evolutions with the utmost promptitude—in short, displayed at once the great exactitude and utility of discipline. After remaining spectators for a considerable time, Mr. C—— and I returned, and were right happy to re-enter old Ipswich, where we soon regaled ourselves with the genial fruits of John Barley-corn.*

On my return, found a letter with the Lon-

* Vide Burns.

don post mark; what now? said I. I opened it, and, to my mortification, found its contents no ways congenial to my continuance. Never mind, said I; so I sat down, and answered it. My heart was easier: letters are the prototype of the mind—of the great scale of distant intercourse: they are pregnant with joys, with grief, with anxiety, and with comfort.—One of our amiable poets* has most beautifully depicted their effects.†

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* Cowper.

† Methinks the application of letters, so far as it influences a depraved or an improper intercourse betwixt the sexes may be ranked amongst their worst effects; whereas an honorable and sacred intercourse, dictated by the purest love, is an application equally praiseworthy, as it is productive of real happiness. Perhaps the annexed laconic letters may better illustrate this truth:—

DEAR MADAM,

A THOUSAND thanks for your generous protection and friendly address of last night; upon honor mine was a curious interview—it accorded with my romantic wishes; and although I had not the felicity to see Miss W. nor to remain with you so long as I fondly expected, may I, my dear lady, be permitted to do so at no distant period? I wait with anxiety your reply, and am,

My dearest madam,

MY DEAREST CAROLINE,

AFTER a prosperous voyage, I am again in my native island. Love, faith, and constancy,

In the evening, accompanied a young gentleman down to Bramford Mill, where we continued to angle very patiently for two or three hours, "then homeward bent our way." The old soldier was no longer there, neither was the hay-making girl: the soldier, though old, had joined his regiment, and Mary was no longer to be found at the mill. As we proceeded homeward, we were accosted by a royal accomplished gypsey, who greeted us with—"Gentlemen, I hope you have spent a pleasant afternoon—Gentlemen, I wish you a pleasant walk—Gentlemen, I wish you a good night, and may you, gentlemen, have pleasant dreams!" I could not but smile at her appearance, and at the refined congratulation with which she accosted us. The history of these wanderers is really curious; and, had I time, I might now, my friend, enter into many remarkable events which have befallen them. Their manners, their customs, their mode of living, in short, every thing relating to them, is particularly singular.

——— The Mysians left
Olympus wood-envelop'd, and the soil
Wash'd by Caicus and the baneful tide
Of Lycus, nurse of serpents.

GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

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however, cherished you in my heart with the purest affection. I shall post to London to-morrow, and may Heaven protect my Caroline! Till then and for ever,

———

I find I have omitted the sequel of yesterday's adventures, for after we returned from the review, I made several calls, and was in the evening disposed to visit the play. Their house has of late been rebuilt, and is now a very complete and appropriate building. The very excellent and moral comedy of "John Bull" was represented in a manner that did infinite credit to the performers, and ardently impressed the auditors with sentiments truly honorable. We had the "Tale of Mystery" for the entertainment: this too was respectably played; indeed there seemed, upon the whole, no considerable deficiency in the acting here to what I had been accustomed to witness in town. If the Ipswich company are somewhat deficient in point of energy and taste, or in splendor and passion, they do certainly make ample amends for this by an accuracy and simplicity; add to which, the auditors are more respectable, the allurements fewer, and consequently the opportunities for improvement and attention, on the aggregate more desirable.

Thursday.

Strolled down the banks of the Orwell, arrived at a snug country-house, where I seated myself, and got some refreshment. I cannot say I ever throughout my existence felt more disposed for reflection, nor did I ever taste a more delightful pleasure from the retrospect which I took. Methought on the ages which were no more, of the poets, of the statesmen, of the divines, of the historians, and of

the warriors who had gone before me, who had, by their various labours, benefited, amused, and instructed posterity. This calm retreat afforded me a sweet seclusion for a survey of these worthies, and the retrospect proved most forcibly to me that solitude is, at certain moments, the greatest blessing of which we can partake.

Friday.

Yesterday I was happy in solitude—to-day, happy in the midst of gaiety and mirth. We set sail for Harwich about eight, and arrived there at twelve. It is impossible for me to describe the beauties of this aquatic excursion;—the scenery which in every direction surrounds you is luxuriant, picturesque, and lively. In fine, every thing seemed to vie in affording happiness and joy to our party.

These honors peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works and worthy kings.

Dinner being ordered, we took a walk up to the camp, there seated ourselves on the grass, and surveyed the expanded sea. We could perceive distinctly different ships of war stationed at some distance from the shore: and it is an exulting consideration, a gratifying reflection to a Briton, to see his favored country so well protected. Our sail home was even more delightful than the excursion downwards. The ladies were happy, the gentlemen desirous to make them so; and never, methinks, did any mortals enjoy any thing more than did our

jovial, yet polite, assemblage " the summer's sail."—We wafted easily along, and got to Ipswich about nine. Mr. B—, and I, though elevated with generous freitage, and somewhat disfigured by our activity amongst the cordage of the vessel, were nevertheless determined to visit the playhouse;—we were anxious to escort some of the ladies there, but we could not prevail on any of them to accompany us, so we marched there alone.—Perchance Mr. B. and I were too elevated for the boxes, and, if my head did not misgive me next morn, I trow we were.

Saturday.—Not altogether composed. Bathe; made a variety of visits.—Mr. B. and I rode once more down to the mill, no ways successful in our fishing, although an abundance in the river.—In the evening to the theatre. It afforded me a glowing satisfaction to witness the loyal effusions which pervaded every breast, when any sentiment relative to our welfare, and independence as a nation, was expressed; and it proved to me also, that theatrical amusements may be rendered equally subservient to a good, or a dangerous end. In a free and virtuous country, the theatre will strengthen that freedom, that virtue—under a tyrannical, or a vicious government, the theatre will be a mere machine in the hands of the governors.

Sunday.—Accompanied my friend C—— and family to church; I was much delighted with the venerable aspect of the building, and more with the very suitable discourse delivered to us by their worthy pastor, who in truth seems,

and in fact is, an ornament to the church. We spent the afternoon in a very agreeable manner, and *time*, that perceptible, and imperceptible something, glided only too rapidly;—the hour of my departure came but too soon for me:—at ten I got into the mail—left mine honoured friend with regret,—and dashed forward to London.

P. S. Night had drawn her sombre curtain ere we arrived at the spot where the old man had begun his labours, and I could not discover what progress he had made.

ALCUIN.

A DIALOGUE.

(Continued from page 183.)

OF all forms of injustice (said the lady) that is the most egregious which makes the circumstance of sex a reason for excluding one half of mankind from all those paths which lead to usefulness and honour."

"Without doubt," returned I, "there is abundance of injustice in the sentence; yet it is possible to misapprehend, and to overrate the injury that flows from the established order of things. If a certain part of every community must be condemned to servile and mechanical professions, it matters not of what sex they may be. If the benefits of leisure and science be, of necessity, the portion of a few, why should we be anxious to which sex the preference is

given? The evil lies in so much of human capacity being thus fettered and perverted. This allotment is sad. Perhaps it is unnecessary. Perhaps that precept of justice is practicable, which requires that each man should take his share of the labour, and enjoy his portion of the rest: that the tasks now assigned to a few, might be divided among the whole: and what now degenerates into ceaseless and brutalizing toil, might, by an equitable distribution, be changed into agreeable and useful exercises. Perhaps this inequality is incurable. In either case it is to be lamented, and, as far as possible, mitigated. Now, the question of what sex either of those classes may be composed, is of no importance. Though we must admit the claims of the female sex to an equality with the other, we cannot allow them to be superior. The state of the ignorant, servile, and laborious, is entitled to compassion and relief; not because they are women, nor because they are men; but simply because they are rational.—Among savage nations the women are slaves. They till the ground, and cook the victuals. Such is the condition of half of the community—deplorable, without doubt; but it would be neither more nor less so, if the sexes were equally distributed through each class."

"But, the burthen is unequal," said Mrs. Carter, "since the strength of the females is less."

"What matters it," returned I, "whether my strength be much or little, if I am tasked to

the amount of it, and no more; and no task can go beyond."

"But nature," said the lady, "has subjected us to peculiar infirmities and hardships. In consideration of what we suffer as mothers and nurses, I think we ought to be exempted from the same proportion of labour."

"It is hard," said I, "to determine what is the amount of your pains as mothers and nurses. Have not ease and luxury a tendency to increase that amount? Is not the sustenance of infant offspring in every view a privilege? Of all changes in their condition, that which should transfer to men the task of nurturing the innocence, and helplessness of infancy, would, I should imagine, be to mothers the least acceptable."

"I do not complain of this province. It is not, however, exempt from danger and trouble. It makes a large demand upon our time and attention. Ought not this to be considered in the distribution of tasks and duties?"

"Certainly. I was afraid you would imagine, that too much regard had been paid to it: that the circle of female pursuits had been too much contracted on this account."

"I, indeed," rejoined the lady, "think it by far too much contracted. But I cannot give the authors of our institutions credit for any such motives. On the contrary, I think we have the highest reason to complain of our exclusion from many professions which might afford us, in common with men, the means of subsistence and independence."

" How far, dear Madam, is your complaint well grounded? What is it excludes you from the various occupations in use among us? Cannot a female be a trader? I know no law or custom that forbids it. You may, at any time, draw a subsistence from wages, if your station in life, or your education has rendered you sufficiently robust. No one will deride you, or punish you, for attempting to hew wood or bring water. If we rarely see you driving a team, or beating the anvil, is it not a favourable circumstance? In every family there are various duties. Certainly the most toilsome and rugged do not fall to the lot of women. If your employment be for the most part sedentary and recluse, to be exempted from an intemperate exertion of the muscles, or to be estranged from scenes of vulgar concourse, might be deemed a privilege. The last of these advantages, however, is not yours; for do we not buy most of our meat, herbs, and fruit, of women? In the distribution of employments, the chief or only difference, perhaps, is, that those which require most strength, or more unremitted exertion of it, belong to the males: and yet, there is nothing obligatory or inviolable in this arrangement. In the country, the maid that milks, and the man that ploughs, if discontented with their present office, may make an exchange, without breach of law, or offence to decorum. If you possess stock, by which to purchase the labour of others—and stock may accumulate in your hands as well as in ours—

there is no species of manufacture in which you are forbidden to employ it."

"But are we not," cried the lady, "excluded from the liberal professions?"

"Why, that may admit of question. You have free access, for example, to the accompting-house. It would be somewhat ludicrous, I own, to see you at the Exchange, or superintending the delivery of a cargo. Yet, this would attract our notice, merely because it is singular; not because it is disgraceful or criminal: but if the singularity be a sufficient objection, we know that these offices are not necessary. The profession of a merchant may be pursued with success and dignity, without being a constant visitor of the quay or the coffee-house. in the trading cities of Europe, there are bankers and merchants of your sex, to whom that consideration is attached, to which they are entitled by their skill, their integrity, or their opulence."

"But what apology can you make for our exclusion from the class of physicians?"

"To a certain extent, the exclusion is imaginary. My grandmother was a tolerable physician. She had much personal experience; and her skill was, I assure you, in much request among her neighbours. It is true, she wisely forbore to tamper with diseases of an uncommon or complicated nature. Her experience was wholly personal. But that was accidental. She might have added, if she had chosen, the experience of others to her own."

"But the law"—

"True, we are not accustomed to see female pleaders at the bar. I never wish to see them there. But the law, as a science, is open to their curiosity, or their benevolence. It may be even practised as a source of gain, without obliging us to frequent any public exhibitions."

"Well," said the lady, "let us dismiss the lawyer and the physician, and turn our eye to the pulpit. That, at least, is a sanctuary which women must not profane."

"It is only," replied I, "in some sects that divinity, the business of explaining to men their religious duty, is a trade. In such, custom or law, or the canons of their faith, have confined the pulpit to men: perhaps the distinction, wherever it is found, is an article of their religious creed, and, consequently, is no topic of complaint, since the propriety of this exclusion must be admitted by every member of the sect, whether male or female. But there are other sects which admit females into the class of preachers. With them, indeed, this distinction, if lucrative at all, is only indirectly so; and its profits are not greater to one sex than to the other. But there is no religious society in which women are debarred from the privileges of superior sanctity. The christian religion has done much to level the distinctions of property, and rank, and sex. Perhaps, in reviewing the history of mankind, we shall find the authority derived from a real, or pretended intercourse with heaven, pretty generally divided between them. And after all, what do these restrictions amount to? If some pursuits are

monopolized by men, others are appropriated to you. If it appear that your occupations have least of toil, are most friendly to purity of manners, to delicacy of sensation, to intellectual improvement, and activity, or to public usefulness; if it should appear that your skill is always in such demand as to afford you employment when you stand in need of it; if, though few in number, they may be so generally and constantly useful, as always to furnish you subsistence; or, at least, to expose you, by their vicissitudes, to the pressure of want as rarely as it is incident to men; you cannot reasonably complain: but, in my opinion, all this is true."

"Perhaps not," replied the lady: "yet I must own your statement is plausible. I shall not take much pains to confute it. It is evident, that, for some reason or other, the liberal professions, those which require most vigour of mind, greatest extent of knowledge, and most commerce with books, and with enlightened society, are occupied only by men. If contrary instances occur, they are rare, and must be considered as exceptions."

"Admitting these facts," said I, "I do not see reason for drawing mortifying inferences from them. For my part, I entertain but little respect for what are called the liberal professions, and, indeed, but little for any profession whatever. If their motive be gain, and that it is which constitutes them a profession, they seem to be, all of them, nearly on a level in point of dignity. The consideration of usefulness is of more value. He that roots out a na-

tional vice, or checks the ravages of a pestilence, is, no doubt, a respectable personage: but it is no man's trade to perform these services. How does a mercenary divine, or lawyer, or physician, differ from a dishonest chimney-sweep? The most that can be dreaded from a chimney-sweep is the spoiling of our dinner, or a little temporary alarm; but what injuries may we not dread from the abuses of law, medicine, or divinity! Honesty, you will say, is the best policy. Whatever it be, it is not the road to wealth. To the purposes of a profession, as such, it is not subservient. Degrees, and examinations, and licences, may qualify us for the trade; but benevolence needs not their aid to refine its skill, or augment its activity. Some portion of their time and their efforts must be employed by those who need, in obtaining the means of subsistence. The less tiresome, boisterous and servile that task is, which necessity enjoins; the less tendency it has to harden our hearts, to benumb our intellects, to undermine our health. The more leisure it affords us to gratify our curiosity and cultivate our moral discernment, the better. Here is a criterion for the choice of a profession, and which obliges us to consider the condition of women as preferable."

"I cannot perceive it. But it matters nothing what field may be open, if our education does not qualify us to range over it. What think you of female education? Mine has been frivolous.—I can make a pie, and cut out a gown. For this only I am indebted to my

teachers. If I have added any thing to these valuable attainments, it is through my own efforts, and not by the assistance or encouragement of others."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

HIS MAJESTY, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND MR. ADDINGTON,

Respecting the Offer of Military Service made by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

SIR,

Carlton-House, July 18, 1803.

THE subject on which I address you presses so heavily on my mind, and daily acquires such additional importance, that, notwithstanding my wish to avoid any interference with his majesty's ministers, I find it impossible to withhold or delay an explicit statement of my feelings, to which I would direct your most serious consideration.

When it was officially communicated to parliament, that the avowed object of the enemy was a descent on our kingdoms, the question became so obvious that the circumstances of the times required the voluntary tender of personal service; when parliament, in consequence of this representation, agreed to extraordinary measures for the defence of these realms alone, it was evident the danger was not believed dubious or remote.—Animated by the same spirit

which pervaded the nation at large, and conscious of the duties which I owed to his Majesty and the country, I seized the earliest opportunity to express my desire of undertaking the responsibility of a military command; I neither did, nor do presume on supposed talents as entitling me to such an appointment. I am aware I do not possess the experience of actual warfare; at the same time I cannot regard myself as totally unqualified or deficient in military science, since I have long made the service my particular study. My chief pretensions were founded on a sense of those advantages which my example might produce to the state, by exciting the loyal energies of the nation, and a knowledge of those expectations which the public had a right to form as to the personal exertions of their prince at a moment like the present. The more elevated my situation, in so much the efforts of zeal became necessarily greater; and I confess that if duty had not been so paramount, a reflection on the splendid achievements of my predecessors would have excited in me the spirit of emulation; when, however, in addition to such recollections, the nature of the contest in which we are about to engage was impressed on my consideration, I should, indeed, have been devoid of every virtuous sentiment, if I felt no reluctance in remaining a passive spectator of armaments, which have for their object the very existence of the British empire.

Thus was I influenced to make my offer of service, and I did imagine that his majesty's

ministers would have attached to it more value. But when I find that, from some unknown cause, my appointment seems to remain so long undetermined; when I feel myself exposed to the obloquy of being regarded by the country as passing my time indifferent to the events which menace, and insensible to the calls of patriotism, much more of glory, it then behoves me to examine my rights, and to remind his majesty's ministers that the claim which I have advanced is strictly constitutional, and justified by precedent; and that in the present situation of Europe, to deny my exercising it is fatal to my own immediate honour, and the future interests of the crown.

I can never forget that I have solemn obligations imposed on me by my birth, and that I should ever shew myself foremost in contributing to the preservation of the country. The time is arrived when I may prove myself sensible of the duties of my situation, and of evincing my devotion to that Sovereign, who by nature, as well as public worth, commands my most affectionate attachment.

I repeat, that I should be sorry to embarrass the government at any time, most particularly at such a crisis. But, since no event in my future life could compensate for the misfortune of not participating in the honours and dangers which await the brave men destined to oppose an invading enemy, I cannot forego the earnest renewal of my application.

All I solicit is, a more ostensible situation than that in which I am at present placed; for

situated as I am, as a mere colonel of a regiment, the major-general commanding the brigade, of which such a regiment must form a part, would justly expect and receive the full credit of pre-arrangement, and successful enterprise.

I remain, Sir,
Very sincerely, your's,
(Signed) G. P.

Right Hon. Henry Addington, &c.

This topic was further urged by the same personage, July 26, in a letter to Mr. Addington, who, in reply, briefly alluded to similar representations, which in obedience to the *commands* of his Royal Highness, had been laid before his Majesty upon former occasions.

The Prince then desired his note of the 26th of July to be laid before his Majesty, which was accordingly done.

His Majesty referred, in Mr. A's answer, to the order he had before given Mr. Addington: with the addition "that the King's opinion being fixed, he desired that no further mention should be made to him on the subject."

The following letter was then written by the Prince.

TO THE KING,

SIR,

A correspondence has taken place between Mr. Addington and myself on a subject which deeply involves my honour and character. The

answer which I have received from that gentleman, the communication which he has made to the House of Commons, leave me no hope but in an appeal to the justice of your Majesty. I make that appeal with confidence, because I feel that you are my natural advocate, and with the sanguine hope that the ears of an affectionate father may still be opened to the supplications of a dutiful son.

I ask to be allowed to display the best energies of my character; to shed the last drop of my blood in support of your Majesty's person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your Majesty's subjects have been called on; it would therefore little become me, who am the *first*, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and lifeless spectator, of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow.—Hanover is lost—England is menaced with invasion—Ireland is in rebellion—Europe is at the foot of France. At such a moment the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your servants in zeal and devotion—to none of your subjects in duty—to none of your children in tenderness and affection, presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your Majesty's ministers. A feeling of honest ambition; a sense of what I owe to myself and to my family; and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation

of that gallant army which may be the support of your Majesty's crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your Majesty, with all humility and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it.

Allow me to say, sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to lose by defeat? The highest places in your Majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned. I am not thought worthy to be even the junior major-general of your army. If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should indeed deserve such treatment, and prove to the satisfaction of your enemies, and my own, that I am entirely incapable of these exertions, which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded; I cannot sink in public opinion without the participation of your Majesty in my degradation. Therefore every motive of private feeling, and of public duty, induce me to implore your Majesty, to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of

my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England entitle me to claim.

Should I be disappointed in the hope which I have formed, should this last appeal to the justice of my sovereign, and the affection of my father, fail of success, I shall lament in silent submission his determination; but Europe, the world, and posterity, must judge between us.

I have done my duty; my conscience acquits me; my reason tells me that I was perfectly justified in the request which I have made, because no reasonable arguments have ever been adduced in answer to my pretensions. The precedents in our history are in my favour; but if they were not, the times in which we live, and especially the exigencies of the present moment, require us to become an example to our posterity.

No other cause of refusal has or can be assigned, except that it was the will of your Majesty. To that will and pleasure I bow with every degree of humility and resignation; but I can never cease to complain of the severity which has been exercised against me, and the injustice which I have suffered, till I cease to exist. I have the honour to subscribe myself,

With all possible devotion,
Your Majesty's
Most dutiful and affectionate
Son, and subject,
(Signed) **G. P.**

Brighthelmstone, Aug. 6, 1803.

ANSWER, FROM THE KING.

Windsor, 7th August.

MY DEAR SON,

Though I applaud your zeal and spirit, of which, I trust, no one can suppose any of my family wanting, yet considering the repeated declarations I have made of my determination on your former applications to the same purpose, I had flattered myself to have heard no farther on the subject. Should the implacable enemy so far succeed as to land, you will have an opportunity of shewing your zeal at the head of your regiment. It will be the duty of every man to stand forward on such an occasion: and I shall certainly think it mine to set an example in defence of every thing that is dear to me and to my people. I ever remain, my dear Son,

Your most affectionate Father,

(Signed) G. R.

FROM THE PRINCE TO THE KING.

Brighthelmstone, 23d Aug. 1803.

SIR,

I have delayed thus long an answer to the letter which your Majesty did me the honour to write, from a wish to refer to a former correspondence which took place between us in the year 1798. Those letters were mislaid, and some days elapsed before I could discover them: they have since been found. Allow me then, Sir, to recal to your recollection the expressions

you were graciously pleased to use, and which I once before took the liberty of reminding you of, when I solicited foreign service, upon my first coming into the army. They were, Sir, that your Majesty did not then see the opportunity for it: but if any thing was to arise at home, I ought to be "first and foremost." There cannot be a stronger expression in the English language, or one more consonant to the feelings which animate my heart. In this I agree most perfectly with your Majesty—"I ought to be the first and foremost." It is the place which my birth assigns me—which Europe—which the English nation expect me to fill—and which the former assurances of your Majesty might naturally have led me to hope I should occupy. After such a declaration, I could hardly expect to be told, that my place was at the head of a regiment of dragoons.

I understand from your Majesty, that it is your intention, Sir, in pursuance of that noble example which you have ever shewn during the course of your reign, to place yourself at the head of the people of England. My next brother, the Duke of York, commands the army; the younger branches of my family are either generals or lieutenant-generals; and I, who am the Prince of Wales, am to remain a colonel of dragoons. There is something so humiliating in the contrast, that those who are at a distance, would either doubt the reality, or suppose that to be my fault, which is only my misfortune.

Who could imagine, that I, who am the oldest colonel in the service, had asked for the rank

of a general officer in the army of the king my father, and that it had been refused me!

I am sorry, much more than sorry, to be obliged to break in upon your leisure, and to trespass thus a second time on the attention of your Majesty. But I have, Sir, an interest in my character more valuable to me than the throne, and dearer, far dearer to me than life. I am called upon by that interest to persevere, and I pledge myself never to desist till I receive that satisfaction which the justice of my claim leads me to expect.

In these unhappy times the world, Sir, examines the conduct of princes with a jealous, a scrutinizing, a malignant eye. No man is more aware than I am of the existence of such a disposition, and no man is therefore more determined to place himself above all suspicion.

In desiring to be placed in a forward situation, I have performed one duty to the people of England; I must now perform another, and humbly supplicate your majesty to assign those reasons which have induced you to refuse a request which appears to me and to the world so reasonable and so rational.

I must again repeat my concern that I am obliged to continue a correspondence which I fear is not so grateful to your Majesty as I could wish. I have examined my own heart—I am convinced of the justice of my cause—of the purity of my motives. Reason and honour forbid me to yield: where no reason is alledged, I am justified in the conclusion that none can be given.

In this candid exposition of the feelings which have agitated and depressed my wounded mind, I hope no expression has escaped me which can be construed to mean the slightest disrespect to your Majesty. I most solemnly disavow any such intention; but the circumstances of the times — the danger of invasion—the appeal which has been made to all your subjects, oblige me to recollect what I owe to mine own honour and to my own character, and to state to your Majesty, with plainness, truth, and candour, but with the submission of a subject, and the duty of an affectionate son, the injuries under which I labour, which it is in the power of your Majesty alone at one moment to redress.

It is with the sentiments of the profoundest veneration and respect, that I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Majesty's most dutiful, and most affectionate Son and Subject,

(Signed) G. P.

Brighton, 2d Oct. 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

By the last night's Gazette, which I have this moment received, I perceive that an extensive promotion has taken place in the army, wherein my pretensions are not noticed: a circumstance which, whatever may have happened upon other occasions, it is impossible for me to pass by, at this momentous crisis, without observation.

My standing in the army, according to the

most ordinary routine of promotion, had it been followed up, would have placed me either at the bottom of the list of generals, or at the head of the list of lieutenant-generals. When the younger branches of my family are promoted to the highest military situations, my birth, according to the distinctions usually conferred on it, should have placed me first on that list.

I hope you know me too well, to imagine that idle inactive rank is in my view; much less in the direction and patronage of the military department an object which suits my place in the state, or my inclinations; but, in a moment when the danger of the country is thought by government so urgent as to call forth the energy of every man in its defence, I cannot but feel myself degraded, both as a prince and as a soldier, if I am not allowed to take a forward and distinguished part in the defence of that empire and crown, of the glory, prosperity, and even existence of that people in all which mine is the greatest *stake*.

To be told I may display this zeal solely and simply at the head of my regiment, is a *degrading mockery*.

If that be the only situation allotted me, I shall certainly do my duty, as others will; but the considerations to which I have already alluded entitle me to expect, and bind me in every way to require, a situation more correspondent to the dignity of my own character and to the public expectations.

It is for the sake of tendering my services in a way more formal and official than I have be-

fore pursued, that I address this to you, my dear brother, as the commander-in-chief, by whose counsels the constitution presumes that the military department is administered.

If those who have the honour to advise his Majesty on this occasion, shall deem my pretensions, among those of all the royal family, to be the only one fit to be rejected and disdained, I may at least hope, as a debt of justice and honour, to have it explained, that I am laid by in virtue of that judgment, and not in consequence of any omission or want of energy on my part, &c. &c. &c.

(Signed) G. P. W.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, &c.

Beauties of the Drama.

ARTIFICE AND CONFUSION.

FROM THE DRAMA OF THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

SCENE XIII.

Fritz, Walter, and Julius.

Fritz. Mr friend!

Jul. Ah! who are you? you frighten me!

Fritz. Fear nothing; we shall not hurt you.

Jul. What do you want, gentlemen? How did you get into the park? and what service do you require?

Fritz. You shall know.

Jul. Be quick if you please; for I am in haste.

Frit. Carry this note to the countess; and say that it was given to you by a poor peasant, who waits for an answer.

Jul. I will go directly. [*Aside*] I much question, if these gentlemen's intentions are perfectly honest; be it as it will, they have a very suspicious appearance. [*He is going.*]

Fritz. Stop one moment. [*Walter stops him.*] [*Aside.*] The more I consider——

Jul. Pray make haste; I am pressed for time.

Fritz. I care not for that. What is your name?

Jul. [*Aside.*] He is very curious. [*Aloud.*] I cannot believe it is of any consequence for you to know it.

Fritz. Perhaps we may not agree in that particular, as I ask you the question.

Jul. I see plainly you are only jesting with me.—Good day, till I see you again; I am going to execute your commission.

Fritz. [*catches hold of him very rudely, and says, in a loud voice*] Stop!

Jul. How rudely you behave; do you know that I am not used to such treatment?

Fritz. I have a right to speak as I please; listen to me without any of your remarks.

Walter. Yes! without one remark, I say.

Fritz. Your name?

Jul. [*Trembling, without daring to raise his eyes*] Julius!

Fritz. Your age?

Jul. I shall soon be fifteen years.

Fritz. Your parents?

Jul. They are no more.

Fritz. [*Aside.*] Surely! can he be ignorant of it! [*Aloud.*] How long have you lived at the castle?

Jul. I came here with the Countess.

Fritz. Where were you before that time?

Jul. I was always with her.

Fritz. You are not, then, of this country?

Jul. No; I was born in Bavaria.

Fritz. [*Aside.*] There is no longer a doubt remaining. It is him! [*Aloud.*] Where were you educated?

Jul. The Countess, after the death of my parents, who left me very young, had the goodness to take me with her, and undertake the charge of my education.

Frit. [*smiling disdainfully.*] Had the goodness! And the Count honours you also by his goodness?

Jul. He always treats me in the most affectionate manner. But, without offending you, Sir, may I ask what interest you can have in troubling me with so many questions?

Fritz. What interest?—Your's.

Jul. Mine!

Fritz. Yes! this woman, whose virtues and benevolence you have such an exalted opinion of?—would she appear equally worthy of such eulogium—if I were to inform you that she has a child, for whom she has not the least reason to blush; yet, that so far from permitting him to partake in the affluence she enjoys, or in the brilliant situation in which her fate has placed

her, she makes a mystery of his birth: and never has she called him by the endearing name of son! so sweet as that sound is to the heart of a mother.

Jul. She is incapable of acting in such a manner.

Fritz. I can give you a proof of it: the son of whom I speak——

Jul. How?

Fritz. Is here before me.

Jul. Before you?

Fritz. He is thyself.

Jul. You ridicule me.

Fritz. Yes; the Countess is thy mother. I have reason to know it better than any other. She ought to tremble that no one has discovered this important secret! It is better for his peace and happiness that he remained in ignorance of it.—But you are now master of it, and may make what use you please of the discovery.

Jul. What, to give her a moment's pain, I become such an ingrate? Ah! never, never.—But once more, who are you?

Fritz. I am——go carry the billet to the Countess, and do not forget that you are to deliver it secretly!

Jul. One word more!

Fritz. Obey!

Jul. The Countess my mother! Is it possible! Ah! if I do most fervently wish this to be a truth; it is only that I may have a right to love her still more. [*He goes out.*]

* * * * * * * * * *

SCENE XV.

Eliza and Fritz.

Eliza. Near the little gate in the park, Julius told me—what do I see! [*she starts with terror on seeing Fritz.*] Is it you!—Great God!

Fritz. Wonderfully well performed; you may act the part of surprise, astonishment, even despair itself; it would be all natural after your conduct.

Eliza. What is it I hear!

Fritz. But nothing can ever justify you in my opinion, for the crime you have so wilfully committed.

Eliza. Me!—Guilty of a crime! Ah! what is it?

Fritz. You are the wife of another, and yet ask!

Eliza. After all the proofs I had, and still have of your death; was I not my own mistress, and at liberty to dispose of myself?

Fritz. Proofs of my death! Who gave them to you?

Eliza. Your friend; I have the letter.

Fritz. Mere fancy.

Eliza. The attestation of the magistrates.

Fritz. A lie.

Eliza. The certificate from the physician.

Fritz. Falsities.

Eliza. Particulars of the interment.

Fritz. Deceptions, like all the rest.—The means were truly ingenious, I grant, but it was not me who employed them; I was not at liberty to take any such measures.

Eliza. What would you insinuate?

Fritz. You were well informed, without doubt, of the unhappy affair for which I was detained; and you flattered yourself with the hope that I could not escape death. You therefore invented this fable, and forged those papers, that you might with safety deliver yourself up to your new passion, and contract a new alliance.

Eliza. Oh, horrible!

Fritz. But the laws will take cognizance of my just complaints.

Eliza. [*confused with terror.*] Sir!

Fritz. I will publish your infamous plots, and criminal conduct.

Eliza. You terrify me out of my senses!

Fritz. This unworthy marriage shall be cancelled.

Eliza. Hear me!

Fritz. Abandoned by all the world—

Eliza, [*trembling with horror*] Miserable, unhappy creature that I am!

Fritz. Regarded with contempt by that illustrious husband whom you adore.—

Eli. Speak lower, I conjure you.

Frit. [*raising his voice still higher.*] Convinced of the false——

Eli. You will ruin me!

Frit. And as such condemned to an infamous penance!

Eli. In the name of heaven, speak not so loud.

Frit. And to that husband whom you have forsaken, will you be obliged to fly for shelter from the rigour of the laws.

Eli. I can no longer doubt your motives—it was not either love, or honour, that brought you near me; if it is, what I have a right to imagine from your appearance, interest is the sole view which has tempted you to take this step. I shall not endeavour to penetrate who has been the author of this horrid machination;—let the fatal secret be kept as inviolable in your breast, and consent to depart.

Fritz. You are too dear for me ever to give you up to any other.

Eliza. [*with a smile of contempt.*] This estate belongs to me; I have the disposal of the revenues which are considerable: I can provide for all your wants; I will even prevent them; and you be certain of a handsome competency. You may depend on my care, and my word: but until I can perform what I have promised, take this gold, and these jewels——

Fritz. If I could have hesitated for a moment in believing you guilty; this last action has placed it beyond a doubt.

Eliza. Yet, once more, take this gold and consent to leave me.

Frit. What is this? After what I have a right to demand?——

Eli. Cruel man!—You make a jest of my sorrow!—In the name of heaven, must I demean myself more than I have done? I will demand it on my knees—Leave me; we will see each other in another place—Fritz, I conjure you—— [*She falls on her knees.*]

Frit. [*Throws her from him.*] Leave me!

SCENE XVI.

Enter to them Walter and Brown.

Brown. [*at some distance.*] The Countess, !—Oh, heaven? some one treats her rudely. Assistance!—Help!

Walter. [*running to Brown, threatens him with a pistol.*] Silence or death!

Eli. [*recovering herself, runs to Brown.*] Hush! my dear friend, or I am ruined!

Brown. Who is that wretch?

Eli. Can you not guess?

Brown. [*to Frit.*] Is it thou, unhappy man! who has poisoned the life of this virtuous woman?

Frit, And pray who are you, who speak to me in this manner? Her accomplice without doubt: Take care that I do not include you in my vengeance!

Brown. Scoundrel!

Eli. For mercy's sake, consent to depart, while you may. In a moment, perhaps, it may be too late.

Frit. [*casting a furious look at Eliza and Brown.*] Yes; I go, But before another hour has elapsed, you shall see me again—more terrible, more implacable than ever!—Farewel.

Wal. Let us be gone?

Eli. Oh, my God! [*she sinks into the arms of Mr. Brown, who supports her, while Fritz and Walter go out of the little gate.*]

VOLTAIRE.

EVERY traveller who stops at Geneva, says an ingenious traveller, (M. Karamsin) thinks it an agreeable duty to go to Ferney, where lived the most celebrated author of the present century.

I went thither on foot, together with a young German. The mansion which Voltaire inhabited is situated on a hill at some distance from Ferney, and a beautiful avenue leads to it from the village. At a little distance from the house, to the left, stands the church, with the well-known inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*"

"*Voltaire* was one of the most zealous adorers of the deity," says *de la Harpe*, in his Eulogy on the Sage of Ferney. "*Si dieu n'existoit pas, il faudroit l'inventer.*" He wrote this admirable verse in his advanced age, and which is a demonstration of his philosophy.

A man, who came to meet us from the house, absolutely refused to admit us. The present owner had prohibited it: but a seasonable gratuity induced him instantly to open the door of the sanctuary, viz. the room which Voltaire inhabited, and where every thing has remained in the same condition as during his life. The furniture and decorations of this room are handsome and costly. In another room, where his bed stands, his heart was preserved, till Madame Denis, his heiress, took it to Paris. Only the urn of black marble remains, on the middle of which are the following words:

above, "*Mes manes sont consolés puisque mon "cœur est au milieu de vous.*" The room is hung round with several portraits. The first "*Son esprit est partout, son cœur est ici.*" And is a representation of the great Catharine, wrought by her own hand in silk, with the inscription; "*Presenté a Mr. Voltaire par l'auteur.*" I viewed the figure of the illustrious female with great attention and much pleasure. The next is the king of Prussia, Frederic the second; the third the celebrated French actor, Le Kain; the fourth, Voltaire himself; and the fifth, the Marchioness de Chatelet, a friend of Voltaire, or perhaps even something more. Among the engraved portraits I notice particularly Newton, Boileau, Marmontel, D'Alembert, Franklin, Clement XIV, Diderot, and Delille. The other paintings and prints were of no consequence. This bed-room served likewise for a cabinet, from which he instructed, moved, and delighted Europe. Yes, my friend! it cannot be denied, that no author of the eighteenth century has made such powerful impressions upon his contemporaries as Voltaire. To his honour it must be admitted, that he was the principal cause of that toleration in religious matters that distinguishes our age. He contributed still more to expose the scandalous superstition to which, even in the beginning of this century, so many bloody sacrifices had been made. He wrote for readers of all classes; —literate and illiterate understood him, and he fascinated them all. No writer so well understood how to expose what was ridiculous and

absurd; and no philosophy could withstand his irony. The public was always on his side, for it procured them the exquisite gratification of laughing! In fact, there is not to be found in his works those sublime ideas with which the genius of nature, as it were, immediately inspires certain chosen mortals. But only few understand these ideas: their effects are therefore limited. We contemplate with pleasure the flight of the sky-lark; but whose eye is capable of following the eagle, soaring towards the sun? Who does not feel the beauty of the Zaire? But how few are capable of admiring Othello? And yet, he who learns by heart whole pages of Racine, perhaps does not even know that a Göthe exists.

The situation of the mansion of Ferney is so delightful, that I envied Voltaire. From his window he constantly had before his eyes the loftiest mountain of Europe—Mont Blanc, and the other snow-clad mountains of Savoy,---plains of the most charming verdure, gardens, and other enchanting objects. Voltaire laid out the garden himself, and it evinces his taste: I was particularly pleased with a long avenue, which seems to extend quite to the foot of the mountains; and a pellucid lake, reflecting on its smooth expanse the lofty trees by which it is surrounded. The name of Voltaire lives in the memory of all the inhabitants of Ferney. Here I felt more powerful emotions, at the beautiful passage of the eulogy of la Harp, which I read once more beneath the shade of a chesnut-tree;

" His vassals, who have lost their lord and " father, and one day, their children, the heirs " of his beneficence, will exclaim to the tra- " veller who goes out of his road to visit " Ferney:—those are the houses which he " built! Yonder is the asylum, which he " founded for the useful arts!* Here are the " fields which he rendered productive! That " populous and flourishing colony arose under " his direction, amidst a dreary desert! These " are the groves, the roads, the paths, where " we saw him so often! Here the afflicted " family of Calas surrounded their protector! " Here those unfortunates embraced his knees! " This tree is consecrated to gratitude, and the " axe shall never separate it from the root; for " he sat beneath its shade, when the plundered " rustics hastened to him imploring his assist- " ance! Here he shed tears of compassion, " and converted the sorrows of the poor into " joy! There we saw each other for the last " time!"—and the attentive stranger, who at reading the Zaire could not refrain from weeping, will now shed more delicious tears—to the memory of the friend of mankind.

* It is known that Voltaire received at Ferney, several artists, who had been compelled to leave Geneva.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

WHAT a pity it is that mankind should be so lavish of that jewel which is of inestimable value. Its worth can only be appreciated on the bed of death, or the judgment day. We wonder not when we see mortals indifferent about trifles; but it is productive of lasting grief, to behold their inattention to a talent of the greatest importance, which when once lost, can never be recalled.

We are brought through the kindness of Providence almost to the conclusion of another year. The wheels of time are rolling round, and hurrying us to the grave. How many millions of mankind have been removed from this world since the commencement of the past year, and were their verdict taken on this subject they would all exclaim, "whatever mortals, your hands find to do, do it with your might, for there is no wisdom, nor knowledge, nor work, nor device in the grave whither you are all going," as fast as the wings of time can carry you. We once were entrusted with the talent, that you are entrusted with,—some of us made an improvement of it, but we have all reason to complain of our past negligence, and to adore that God who has not taken advantage of our folly. We entreat you, mortals, to be

wise for eternity. Lay up your treasure in heaven, where it will be safe. Trust not to a death-bed repentance.—Improve the present moment.—Be diligent in your worldly business, but much more for your salvation. Mercy can now be obtained, but futurity cannot ensure it. Life is very uncertain, and the coming year may be your last on earth. We entered on the past year as sanguine as you, but death came, and it would take no denial, and we are summoned to the grave. We would in a particular manner address you who are young, and conjure you by every possible argument to improve your present moments. Whilst your cheeks are blooming, and your constitutions strong, remember your Creator. We call not upon you to sequester yourselves from the world, but innocently to enjoy the sweets of friendship, and the comforts of life: But beware of prostituting your precious moments to any bad purpose.—Improve your minds in all useful knowledge; but remember that religion is worthy of your warmest attachment, for it will make you happy in time, and to all eternity—It will cause you to know wherein true excellency consists, and free your youthful minds from a thousand evils. Cultivate virtuous friendship, for that will be as lasting as the deathless mind. It will expand itself in heaven, where kindred souls will all meet, never by the ravages of time to be separated any more."

Hereford, Dec. 15th, 1803. T. M.

For the Monthly Visitor.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH no man can admire more than myself that proud spirit which animates in the present cause the prince and the peasant, and which has perhaps saved this country; yet I am not one of those who would be unjust even to an enemy. I cannot help, therefore, looking with due astonishment at the steady courage which the French have shown on the occasion. No vain-boasting: no threats unfulfilled: no "*marching and counter-marching*" about nothing—but all true magnanimity itself. Having lately received a private communication from a FRIEND on the *coast of* FRANCE, I am happy to send it you, as it contains a very desperate picture of the proceedings of the GREAT CONSUL.

JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 21.---The *Constituted Authorities* met, and with tears implored the FIRST CONSUL not to hazard *his invaluable self*. Nothing could move him: and he set out for the third time---to *destroy* ENGLAND.

BOULOGNE.---The FIRST CONSUL arrived at twelve at night. Four gun-boats intended to *annihilate* GREAT BRITAIN were instantly inspected by him---by the help of a couple of lanterns. The whole harbour was in admiration at the dexterity with which the FIRST

CONSUL used one of the oars: He absolutely appeared like—a cabin-boy.

CALAIS,—The FIRST CONSUL was in the midst of the port before any body knew him. A couple of gun-boats were ordered instantly to practise a *sham fight* against a 74 gun ship which represented the ENGLISH. On the first broadside the English ran away. The sailors charmed with the resemblance.—The FIRST CONSUL and HIS GUARD have a most delicate mode of paying a compliment to the liberality of the French.—*They pay for nothing.*

NOV. 26, DUNKIRK.—Guns on a new construction were shown the GREAT CONSUL. They cary a *quarter of a mile further* than any cannon yet invented. The whole army were in raptures as this idea—of *distance.* An experiment was then made upon some French powder and some English of the same kind that had been recovered out of the sea. The superiority of the *French* was incredible.—The English will be entirely extirpated.

CALAIS *again.*—Four aspiring youths, whose knowledge of boats had been gained by an intimate acquaintance with *Galleys*—threw themselves before the FIRST CONSUL, and begged to be allowed to be the first to storm—the BANK of ENGLAND. He graciously allowed their request.—The animosity which the French discover against this *Nation of Traders* increases every hour.

FOUR O'CLOCK *in the morning.*—The *twenty-thousandth* DEMI-BRIGADE went through some *invisible movements* that are to be practised in the

dark when they land in England. By some accident two of the *General Officers* lost their watches, and many others their handkerchiefs. The dexterity shown in these *manœuvres* was astonishing.—The report is that England will be destroyed to-morrow. The FIRST CONSUL is resolved not to delay it any longer.

BOULOGNE *again*.—When the FIRST CONSUL appeared on the parade, two most interesting *Figurantes* from the Little Theatre threw themselves before him, requesting him in the most engaging manner not to destroy England *this* winter—" as *they had an engagement at the* ENGLISH OPERA *the next spring*." The CONSUL allowed the justice of their supplication, for he has a feeling heart; but said " *he was determined not to have one person alive in Great Britain*." One of the Figurantes, it is said, let fall a real tear, and again renewed the entreaty for her engagement. The FIRST CONSUL embraced her affectionately---said " he would think of it," and then set off for PARIS---to see the comic opera of the FALL OF CARTHAGE.

The above, Mr. EDITOR, gives a true picture of that gallant and desperate spirit which now actuates the FRENCH, and which must soon render them---the astonishment of EUROPE.

W. H.

FASHIONS

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

WALKING and Full Dress.—1. A short round dress of white muslin, with a rifle dress of dark green velvet. A rifle hat to correspond with the dress. 2. A dress and petticoat of white crape, the bottom of the dress sloped very high before, and bound all round with white ribbon, a full trimming of white lace sewed to the edge of the ribbon; the bosom trimmed with broad lace, drawn to form a tucker; the sleeves very short, trimmed with lace. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner.

Nine Head Dresses.—1. A straw hat, turned up in front, lined with coloured velvet, and tied under the chin with ribbon of the same colour. 2. A morning bonnet of fine straw, tied down with a silk handkerchief. 3. A dress cap of yellow silk and black lace, a bunch of yellow flowers in front. 4. A morning cap of fine sprigged muslin, with a puffing of lace all round the front; white strings. 5. A cap of white muslin, with a full border of white lace, ornamented with a wreath of flowers. 6. A cap of muslin and lace, with a bunch of red roses in front. 7. A Mameluke turban, of scarlet and white velvet. 8. A hat of black velvet, turned up all round, and trimmed with bows of ribbon. 9. A close bonnet of black velvet and pink silk, a bow of black ribbon on the top.

Observations.—The dresses are made very short-waisted, and very low in the back, and in almost every part of them there is lace. For full dress, crape is much worn. Ostrich feathers of all colours are universal. Pelices and spencers of velvet and cloth are much worn; the most favourite colours for them are dark green, sky-blue, and black: the military fronts are generally adopted. For undress, silver bear muffs and tippets are worn; for dress, swansdown.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ENIGMA.

TAKE one letter from me,
And something's express'd,
Which to do would oft keep
Honest folk from their rest.
Take another and you will presently find,
What balm by repeating it gives to the mind;
In short take my whole, and tell me if you can,
What's more dreaded, or sometimes more wish'd for by man,

ANSWER TO THE REBUSES FOR SOLUTION IN NOVEMBER LAST.

1.

More.---Montague, Octavia, Rowe, Elizabeth.

2.

Live; evil.

STATEMENT

OF

All the Christenings and Burials from Dec. 14, 1802, to Dec. 13, 1803, according to the Report made to the King by the Company of Parish Clerks of London, &c.

CHRISTENED in the 97 parishes within the walls 1179. Buried 1317.

Christened in the 17 parishes without the walls 4777. Buried 4063.

Christened in Middlesex and Surry 10,002. Buried 9023.

Christened in the city and liberties of Westminster 5015. Buried 5177.

Christened	Males	11054	In all 20982.
	Females	9920	
Buried	Males	9799	In all 19582.
	Females	9783	

Whereof have died.

Under two years of age	5755
Between two and five	2077
Five and ten	790
Ten and twenty	531
Twenty and thirty	1329
Thirty and forty	2025
Forty and fifty	2265
Fifty and sixty	2044
Sixty and Seventy	1580
Seventy and eighty	1030
Eighty and ninety	84
Ninety and a hundred	42
A hundred	1
A hundred and seven	1

Increase in the burials this year 302.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW Opera, in three acts, called THE BRITISH FLEET, was produced on Tuesday, Dec. 13. The Music by Mr. Braham, who, having acquired celebrity as a singer, courts additional fame as a composer; but this, his first attempt, redounds more to his *taste* than to his invention; the Music contains much harmony, but boasts of no originality. As to the Opera, we are sorry we cannot agree with some of the diurnal editors in commending it; it is destitute of plot, character, and incident. The author has presumed to call it an historical piece, and we are referred to the second volume of Hume's History of England for the fable, relative to the Countess de Montfort, who, during her husband's confinement, defended his province and castle against his enemies, and at length succeeded

by the a id of an English squadron. The au thor has not displayed his ingenuity as a dramatist, for *the little* he has borrowed from this story is so far from being interesting, that it is scarcely intelligible; and notwithstanding the *applause* and *encores* which attended its representation, we will venture to predict that it will soon perish in oblivion. Mr. Dibdin ensured the success of his Opera by giving it a title, which at this crisis, must defend it from the censure of an audience. The characters are the same as we mav find in all modern pieces. Mr. Munden personifies a Sailor indeed, who is intoxicated throughout the play, and yet advances some *sober* arguments---probably this is intended as original. Though the Music, we acknowledge, is good enough for the piece, yet altogether it is insipid; except a duett in the first act, there is little or nothing to praise; we may therefore conclude with saying, it is—*Like Author, like Composer*.

On Monday, Dec. 26, a Pantomime, called HARLEQUIN'S RACES, OR TIME BEATS ALL, was represented for the first time. Though pantomimes are at best, unworthy of the *regular boards*, yet the present is truly contemptible: it possesses no entertainment for either apprentices or children, and was loudly and justly condemned by the holiday visitors. It is much to be regretted that the Managers of the Theatre-Royal will thus disgrace the Stage by borrowing the buffoonery of a Sadlers' Wells; there are indeed, some entertainments of this description worthy their attention; we allude to certain *speaking* pantomimes, viz. Harlequin's

Invasion, Harlequin Touchstone, &c. which abound in wit and satire, and may, with great propriety, be represented before a *rational* audience.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Monday, Dec. 5, a spectacle, or in other words, (as stated in the advertisements) a Serio-comic Romance, called THE CARAVAN, in two acts; written by Mr. Reynolds; was produced. The music by Mr. Reeves.

A tyrant endeavours to force a wife from the arms of a faithful husband, and sends him in a caravan to a distant part, to be starved to death, and in case he survives to be imprisoned. Through the generosity of the driver, the Marquis is preserved, and at length restored to his wife. The tyrant, in order to force her compliance, threatens her with the destruction of her child, which is accordingly thrown from the rocks into the water, but fortunately preserved by a faithful dog. Such the plot, merely devised for the introduction of the dog, a new performer, to whose exertions the author is indebted for his success. A piece of water is actually exhibited on the stage with two real cascades tumbling into it. We wish the author, for his own sake, but particularly for the credit of the stage, had rendered this production a ballet, for which the story is only calculated. It is a shame that the stage should be thus disgraced with pantomimes in dialogue! The Music, though not novel, is pleasing, and the characters, particularly Carlo, well supported.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

LINES

On the Death of the late

GEN. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY.

Who was wounded in battle, against Alexandria, the 21st March, 1801, and died of his wounds seven days after. For long and faithful services his country has lost an able commander; and for courage, clear ideas, sound judgment, and great humanity, the soldiers have lost a careful father, a trusty friend, and a most accomplished general.

THE Northern Star that long has shone so bright,
Is set most glorious for ever from our sight:
In deeds of arms there's few with him can boast;
But now he's fallen! to GEORGE for ever lost.
To fight for Britain, to raise his sov'reign's name,
He's high recorded on the list of Fame;—
East, west, and north, he brav'd dire war's alarms,
And Britain's foes did dread his conquering arms:
Thro' all his life he ne'er was known to yield,
And breath'd his last, a victor on the field;
From infant years he was a warrior rear'd,
And all that's great, throughout his form appear'd.

The soldier mean, and those in highest state,
Shed tears of woe for their lov'd general's fate:
As fell great Wolfe, whom Britons still revere,
So died Sir Ralph, in glory's high career.
O wretched France! behold the poison'd ball,
Behold the hero, whose fate it was to fall!
The gracious God will vengeance on you pour—
Your thirst for blood shall fall to rise no more.
Egyptian bands, your swords unsheath with speed,
Behold how Britons on your plains doth bleed.
Sir Ralph, who came your conqu'rors to subdue,
Behold his wound! behold he died for you.
Britannia weep! lament your faithful friend,---
Ye gracious gods revenge his mournful end.

ROB. WOOD.

H. M. Sloop Camelion.

THE

BRITISH BOMB-KETCHE'S CHALLENGE

TO THE

FRENCH FLOTILLA.

COME forth from your coverts, ye vaunted flotilla!
Or henceforth your vain gasconading forbear;
If we get you between our Charybdis and Scylla,
We'll soon make you double the Cape of Despair.

Come forth, if ye dare, or in mass, or division,
For, weary with watching, we long for some sport,
And we'll shew you a sample of British decision,
That, perhaps, will astonish the Consular Court.

Our Vesuvius and Etna will make an explosion,
That shall strike you with dumbness, dismay, and surprize,
Whilst the smoke of our Sulphur will cover the ocean,
And veil from your views ev'ry glimpse of the skies.

When our shells drop among you like red salamanders,
And burst loud as thunder wherever they fall --
When our bullets fly hissing around you like ganders,
Alas! for the famous armada of Gaul!

O ye, skulkers! of courage so shamefully rifty,
In menace so mighty, achievement so small,
Come out! and we'll combat you one against fifty,
Nay, make us a score, and we'll conquer you all!

But you dare not abandon your rocky protection,
While the watch-dogs of Britain their station can keep.
For you know, if they catch you, your pigmy collection,
Would soon be consign'd to the caves of the deep.

AN ALLEGORY.

NOT yet had young Lorenzo reach'd the prime,
When long experience guides the thoughtful mind,
Not yet mature attain'd the wish'd-for time,
When sage reflection ranges unconfin'd;

Happy in playful childhood's wanton years,
Led on by virgin innocence his guide,
He never yet had trod the vale of tears,
Nor from fair virtue's paths had turn'd aside;

'Twas chance that led him to a dreary wild,
Where no decided road before him lay;
Fancy his wand'ring footsteps had beguil'd,
Confus'd and unfrequented was the way.

Pale ev'ning threw around her sable gloom,
No pleasing object offer'd to the sight;
In this lone desert 'twas Lorenzo's doom
To pass in pain the ling'ring, length'ning night

Fatigu'd with toils, to him unknown before,
He panted oft to see the dawn of day;
The sky was clear'd, the tempest was no more,
And two ambiguous paths before him lay.

The one untrodden, devious, rugged, steep,
Invites his footsteps to ascend the hill,
The other, which odorous zephyrs sweep,
Is strew'd with flowers beside a babbling rill.

Rejoic'd to find the hop'd-for rest obtain'd,
His yielding soul exulted at the sight;
No longer were his weary steps detain'd
From seeking her who feign'd herself delight.

As on he walk'd through flow'r-enamell'd vales,
Enchanted with this new, this pleasing scene,
Four virgin forms disporting in the dales,
Far off he spies of soft and winning mien.

Pleasure, the first, whose blooming cheek was ting'd
With borrow'd rubies, lovely as the morn,
Led Luxury, whose vest, with roses fring'd,
Her pamper'd face serv'd poorly to adorn.

Pride next with seeming dignity advanc'd
With soft, dissembling, and enticing air,
Soon follow'd Vice, whose specious joy enhanc'd
The striking features of her heart's despair.

Pleas'd with his new companions on the mead,
And rose-bud sweets, the wanderer turn'd his eye;
When one, unus'd those flow'ry paths to tread.
Whisper'd, "Lorenzo, from destruction fly!"

At wisdom's voice he started from his way,
And saw, half dead with fear, unseen before,
A frightful gulph, which all-expanded lay,
Each thoughtless, youthful wanderer to devour.

Affrighted at the horrors of the place,
Disgusted at this dangerous abode,
His only hope was once more to retrace
The windings of the implicated road.

Now had he left the hated paths of vice,
About to mount the rough, untrodden hill,
Where no false joys the pilgrim's feet entice,
Nor fatal pleasures crave the soul to kill.

But here, alas! a numerous host appears,
Of foes who every virtuous youth defy:
Envy, who 'bove the rest her head uprears,
Malice, Revenge, and fierce Impiety.

With these he oft a conflict long sustains,
'Mid toils by night, 'mid thousand ills by day;
Yet, though alone, a glorious victory gains,
And unmolested soon pursues his way.

Lorenzo now with heavenly strength endu'd,
Though from afar, a pleasing object spies,
And hastening onward with fresh fortitude,
Sees Virtue's temple towering to the skies.

"Be my protect'ress, Virtue," thrice he cried,
"From henceforth teach me thy unsullied way;
"In all my wanderings still be thou my guide,
"And never, never suffer me to stray."

Oxford, Nov. 4th, 1803. ANTIQUARIUS.

BONAPARTE.

AN ODE.

FELL tyrant, drunk with human blood!
Hark! vengeance dire thy head awaits,
Should'st thou outbrave the whelming flood
Should'st thou once dare approach our gates.
No weak forc'd Conscripts here appear,
To execute a madman's will,
Here ev'ry arm's a Volunteer,
A willing duty to fulfil,
Rais'd to defend our Isle's beloved KING,
Our country, and those rights our envied statutes bring.

Around the royal standard rang'd,
Each free, bold Briton at his post,
Insulted laws shall be aveng'd;
War's thunder pour'd on Gallia's host!
From rank to rank the word shall fly,
(And all shall catch the cheering sound)
"A glorious death, or victory,
"Before we quit this hallow'd ground!"
And Heav'n, well pleas'd with Albion's ardent vow,
Shall, smiling, place the branch round ev'ry British brow.

Thou upstart! tremble at thy fate!
Thy sun now sets in endless night;
The shades of infamy and hate
Shall soon obscure thy parting light:
The black'ning tale of numbers slain,
Nay, basely poison'd at thy will,
Thy odious mem'ry long shall stain,—
The feeling breast with anguish feel.—

Detested wretch! and scourge of human kind!
To pity's voice still deaf—to justice ever blind!

As soon believe, at thy command,
Thou proud, ambitious, braggart fool!
The sun will in its orbit stand,
And cease returning day to rule:—
As soon suppose, that from her place
(Should Corsica's vain Hero call)
The moon will start, and hide her face,
Nor visit more our earthly ball—
As that our hearts should cease with scorn to glow,
At thy big-swelling words — thy feebly-levell'd blow!

Can Anglia, single-handed, cope
With Gallia's cruel plund'ring band!
Yes! know thy false, thy sand-built hope:
Shall, crashing, fall on Anglia's strand
For Erin, Scotia, Anglia meet
To quell thy mighty high-swoln pride,
To lay thee vanquish'd at their feet,
And all thy Mamelukes by thy side.
Our sea-girt Isle, unmov'd, shall raise its head,
While foes, unmourn'd, shall sink—amid the countless dead.

A VOLUNTEER.

Literary Review.

A Pedestrian Tour through part of the Highlands of Scotland, in 1801. By John Bristed of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple. In two Volumes

THIS singular pedestrian had a companion, with whom he sauntered through various parts of Scotland; but the preface implies that they have since fallen out, for a great many pages are devoted to the condemnation of a book which he has published. What the reader has to do with this *fracas* we cannot perceive; and, indeed, we are of opinion that the business ought to have been altogether kept among themselves.

Of this tour we scarcely know how to hazard an opinion; it is highly sentimental, and abounds with curious discussions. Opportunities are constantly taken to philosophize and moralize, from the beginning to the end of his journey. That entertaining incidents occur, we pretend not to deny; and we cannot fail of being amused with the romantic scenery of that part of North Britain into which he peregrinated. But our author so frequently flies off

from the subject, that the unity of his work is in a measure destroyed. We wish also that the tourist had been less diffuse; his observations brought into a narrower compass would have produced a much better effect. There is, however, a class of readers who are partial to such productions; they will peruse these pages with satisfaction.

Geographical Principles, consisting of Maps, with corresponding Outlines, calculated to convey to the Mind a correct Notion, and fix on the Memory a strong Impression of the Science; engraved on Twenty-four Plates, on a Plan entirely new. Designed principally for the use of Schools. By John Luffman, Geographer.

WITH the delightful and instructive science of geography the minds of youth cannot be too much familiarized. That it should have been neglected in any course of education must be lamented. It is, however, but justice to add, that in the present times this important branch of knowledge receives its proper attention.

We congratulate instructors of youth, and parents who are careful of the intellectual improvement of their children, upon the publication before us. On one side are full maps, and on the other side mere outlines for the pupil to fill up with due accuracy. It is an admirable plan; and this work being distinguished for neatness and accuracy, we warmly recommend it to schools of every description. It abridges the labour of the master, and the young mind must,

by the the use of such sketches, receive lasting impressions.

The Parallel between England and Carthage, and between France and Rome, examined by a Citizen of Dublin.

WE are not partial to anonymous publications, but it would be fastidious in us to condemn, on this account, the present pamphlet. It relates to an interesting topic—involves the welfare of our country. It is well known that the French have lately vapoured much about *the destruction of Carthage!* The author of this piece has examined our supposed resemblance to that celebrated African state: he shews that the comparison is made without foundation, and therefore infers that we are not to be consigned to utter destruction. In exposing this insinuation of the enemy, by which we are held out to the detestation of the world, the writer displays considerable adroitness. The piece is written not only with temper, which is particularly commendable in a politician, but is also characterized by spirit and animation.

The Poetical Register, and Repository of Fugitive Poetry, for the Year 1802.

THE number of volumes poured forth on the public, under the title of poems, is almost incredible. It is well for the respective writers that any readers should have time and patience

to look over them. The reviewer, however, has this task imposed upon him, and he must endeavour to go through it with a due portion of spirit and resolution. But we by no means intend to express our disapprobation of the volume now lying before us; we deem it a respectable selection. Under the heads of *Original Poetry*, and of *Fugitive Poetry*, we meet with some very pleasing pieces, and which deserve to be rescued from oblivion. The criticisms, both on poetry, and on the drama, which constitute the last portion of the work, is written with discernment and moderation. Such short literary notices must be agreeable to those who never see the *reviews*, which we apprehend to be the case with a large portion of the cummunity.

History of the French Consulate, under Napoleon Buonaparte; being an authentic Narrative of his Administration, which is so little known in Foreign Countries; including a Sketch of his Life. The whole interspersed with curious Anecdotes, and a faithful Statement of interesting Transactions, until the renewal of Hostilities in 1803. *By W. Barré, Eye-witness to many of the Facts related in the Narrative. Hurst.*

IT has been justly remarked that *revolution*, like a violent tempest agitating the ocean, casts up some extraordinary productions which the eye of man gazes upon with astonishment! Hence Buonaparte with his train of flagitious actions. We heard nothing of him before the late revolution in France;—that event lifted

him up out of his obscurity to be the terror and scourge of the world.

The volume before us professes so give a detail of Buonaparte in his progress from earliest life to his present elevated station. He pursues him with a minuteness of observation highly gratifying to curiosity. Every station which he has occupied, every office he has sustained, every measure which he has adopted, are here freely stated, and boldly canvassed, whilst his temper and disposition are reprobated with an uncommon degree of severity.

The work is divided into ten chapters, commencing with the birth of its hero, the 15th of August, 1769, and ending with his recent declaration of war against this country, violently arresting the British subjects in France, Italy, and Holland; and in the concluding paragraph the author very properly remarks, that "whilst France is so distracted, the French may be feared but they will never be respected. May the French seriously reflect on their present circumstances and situation, and unite in a common cause to put an end to them!"

As to the general complection of this interesting publication, the writer shall speak for himself; we think this the fairest way, and entitled to most attention.—"It is only a few months since the writer of these sheets left France, and, besides having been an eye-witness to many of the facts he relates, has brought with him very valuable documents on which his narrative is grounded. Those who might find too much acerbity should recollect, that in men-

tioning robberies and murders, imposture and hypocrisy, apostacy and perjury, craftiness and baseness, it would have been unbecoming not to animadvert on the guilty individuals who deserve to be branded with infamy."

Seneca's Morals, by way of Abstract. To which is added, a Discourse under the Title of an After-Thought. By Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knt. A new Edition.

THIS is a neat compact, and even portable edition of a work which has been long and justly valued for its sterling merit, and utility. Seneca was bled to death by that monster, Nero; but his writings will never die!—No; there is displayed throughout them a knowledge of human nature admirably instructive, because it teaches us how to act in every station and condition of life. The subjects on which this eminent heathen writer touches, possess an entertaining variety. And the mode of expression is characterised by that pointed brevity which carries the sentiment directly to the heart. To the young, therefore, for whom this edition is expressly intended, " the work must prove peculiarly acceptable. It will aid their entrance into society, and enable them to conduct themselves with dignity and propriety. The head of Seneca is not only well engraved, but the features are expressive of that manly seriousness for which the Roman Moralist was distinguished.

The Soldier's Friend, containing familiar instructions to the Loyal Volunteers, Yeomanry Corps, and Military men in general, on the preservation and recovery of their health, with a preparatory Address to Commanding Officers; by William Blair, A. M. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. considerably enlarged. Illustrated by Eight Engravings.

AT a time when our brave soldiers are prepared to ward off the approaches of an invading enemy, the medical gentlemen are performingan acceptable service in thus offering their benevolent instructions. The present work must be truly acceptable to all that have to do with the military profession. It is to be hoped, that our ample praparations will deter the enemy from setting their feet on our happy shores; but we must be prepared for the worst; every thing therefore should be in readness to mitigate pain, heal wounds, and assuage those miseries with which actual contest is always attended. We know of no work better adapted to accomplish this purpose; indeed the volume treats of *every thing relating to a soldier*. Mr. Blair is, in our opinion, entitled to the thanks of his country.

Public Characters of 1803—1804.

This *sixth* volume of a work already known, contain the lives of Sir Robert Peel, Admiral Cornwallis, Dean of Peterborough, General Meadows, Mr. Alman, General Simcoe, Lord Ellenborough, Marquis of Buckingham, Earl

Temple, Hon. T. Grenville, Lord Grenville, General Fawcett, Duke of Queensbury, Margravine of Anspach, General Dundas, Mr. Richard Gaugh, Earl of Carlisle, Bishop of Glocester, Lady Hamilton, General Paoli, Mr. Braham, Mr. Angertein, Mr. Pye, Earl of Westmoreland, Marquis of Wellesley, Bishop of Bangor, Duke of Northumberland, General Vallancey, Lord Cathcart, Lord Frankfort, General Urquhart, Major Rennel, Dr. Knox, and the Bishop of Oxford. A good deal of information may be collected respecting these characters, and the transactions in which they have been engaged—but here and there we meet with some very fulsome flattery. In writing sketches of living persons, there is a difficulty, but surely we ought to avoid the extremes of an indiscriminate severity and disgusting adulation. The profiles of Sir Robert Peel, Duke of Queensbury; Mr. Angerstein, and Margravine of Anspach; Mr. Pye, and Lady Hamilton, Dr. Knox, and General Paoli, and of Major Rennel and the Marqus of Wellesley possess neatness and fidelity.

Swiftiana: in two Volumes; with a Head, and Fac-similes of various Hand-writings.

WHAT more *Anas!*—The world will soon be over-run with the books whose mere titles will throw readers into perplexity and distraction. As with respect so the Addisoniana we protested against the appellation; so here our objection remains in full force: we dislike the

title, but the contents of the work are in many respects worthy of approbation.

Swift indeed was altogether a strange character; we do not admire it; but his talents were great, and his wit keen as the northern blast at this chilling season of the year. Those who felt his lash, smarted under the infliction of it. He was, however, connected with the great men of his time, both in the political and literary world. His sayings, and his doings, both good and bad, are here huddled together, and most probably impart a just idea of the man. Swift died, 1745, at the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in a lamentable state of idiocy. Notwithstanding his eccentricities there are many who are proud of cherishing his memory.

Retrospect of the Political World.

For December, 1803.

THE eventful year of *One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three* is about to close upon us for ever; before these lines are presented to the reader's eye, the last month will be expired, and the year itself added to "the years beyond the flood!" Our BELOVED ISLAND, however, thank heaven, is still safe, and its inhabitants are waiting with firmness the attacks of an invading enemy. Indeed, the wonderful preparations which have been made for months past, to repel a foreign foe, are very properly continued. To relax would be highly impru-

dent;—ever on the watch—the FRENCH CONSUL will not dare to attempt to set his foot on our shores. A French paper has just given out, that their despot never meditated such a thing;—this we cannot believe—his language to Lord Whitworth, and his subsequent movements, shew that he wishes to strike a fatal blow—to lay Old England and its glories prostrate in the dust.

At the same time, entering upon a NEW WAR, it becomes us to cherish and hope that the general aspect of human affairs will mend—that events may lead to a speedy and favourable issue of the contest in which we are engaged. Though ready to defend our persons, our property, and our lives, yet, as men and christians, we must lament the scenes of disorder and confusion which war introduces into every district of the civilized globe!

From *America* we learn that the president, MR. JEFFERSON, delivered an excellent speech to Congress, in which he congratulates his country on the acquisition of Louisiana:—avows his determination to preserve the strictest neutrality, and closes his address by commiserating the present harassed and perturbed condition of the old world. EUROPE has indeed been too long a *bloody Arena*;—may *the Angel of Peace* speedily descend, to bless and make happy ALL the inhabitants of the earth!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

3. A SINGULAR case took place in the King's-Bench, Guildhall: Mr. Erskine, colonel of the Law Association Corps, respectfully informed the court, that an inspection of the Law Corps was to take place that day, and that he hoped that he and his brethren might be excused from attendance there, as public justice could not suffer by so trifling a delay. The court politely acquiesced; and Lord Ellenborough remarked, that the sacrifice of *one day* was not too great a favour to extend to those who, inspired by the principles and the spirit of Englishmen, were ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the defence of their country!

5. Grand debate in the House of Commons respecting the continuance of martial-law in Ireland; it was, however, carried as being necessary to the preservation of the peace in that unhappy country.

8. Elfi Bey, the Mamaluke Chief, visited the East India House, and, having inspected it, was entertained with great respect and ceremony.

12. The Westminster Volunteers firing several rounds with great spirit, Captain Beaumont, standing too near the front of his company, was struck by a cartridge-case in the thigh, from which he was obliged to leave the ground.

13. A wretch, named Harbin, murdered his own father, a farmer, at Christ-church, Hampshire. He struck him with a bludgeon while sleeping, and dashed out his brains. He, however, and an abettor, have been committed to Winchester goal.

16 A genteel young lady examined at the Mansion-House for forging a power of attorney on the Bank of England; she was apprehended at Bermondsey, and has, after several examinations, been committed for trial the ensuing sessions.

19. The prize beasts having been, according to annual custom, shewn in Smithfield, a great company were present; the Duke of Bedford, and other celebrated characters, dined afterwards with the Society.

18. Elfi Bey, the Mamaluke Chief, had a private audience with his Majesty at Windsor, it being inconsistent with etiquette to receive him at court, previous to his leaving the country.

20. Elfi Bey, whom we have already mentioned, quitted the metropolis, where he had been entertained with uncommon respect and civility. He directed his route to Portsmouth, whence he is to sail in the ship Argo, his Majesty's frigate of 44 guns, for Egypt. He went off at five o'clock in the morning, choosing that early hour, that he and his numerous train of attendants might avoid the attraction of too much publicity.

22. The Anniversary of the SCHOOL MASTERS' SOCIETY held at the Crown and An-

chor Tavern, Strand, when a most respectable company attended and dined together with the utmost harmony and conviviality. Dr. VINCENT, Dean of Westminster, was in the chair. The Astronomer Royal, Dr. Maskelyne, also was present; as were likewise Mr. Walker, Teacher of Elocution; Dr. Raine, of the Charter-house; Dr. Burney, of Greenwich; Dr. Crombie, of Highgate; Mr. Kelly, of Finsbury-square; and many other characters of literary celebrity. The toasts and songs were both spirited and patriotic. Few days, indeed, were ever spent with a more innocent degree of festivity. To every benevolent mind it must afford a sincere pleasure to learn, that the Society is daily receiving new subscriptions and new benefactions. Its object is to relieve the Widows and Children of School-masters, and their Assistants—a class of men well entitled to the benevolent aid of their fellow-creatures. Their diffusion of knowledge amongst the RISING GENERATION not only enobles and expands the powers of the human mind, but fits it for the conscientious and vigorous discharge of the duties owing to the Community.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

LEWIS COHEN, Gower's row, Goodman's-Fields, merchant. James Thomas, Spread-Eagle-court, Finch-lane, Cornhill, merchant. Thomas Carr, Gomersall, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. George Denton, Kingston-upon-Hull, currier. Edward Whitehouse, Fenton, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford, dealer in earthenware. John Townsend,

of Ludgate-hill, laceman. John Marsden and John Haywood, Marsden, Yorkshire, cotton-spinners. Joseph Wheeler, Blackheath, Kent, miller. James Moore, late of Milden-hall, Suffolk, cordwainer. James Hoy, Church-lane, Saint George, bricklayer and builder. William Atkinson, Wortley-Mills, Yorkshire, merchant. Tho. Curtis, Radford, Nottinghamshire, bleacher. George Tinkler and John Risk, Mead's-court, Wardour-street, leather-sellers. Nicholas Tanner, of St. Decumans, Somersetshire, maltster. Victor Busigny and James Rothwell, Liverpool, merchants. Thomas Dowding, John Lowe, and Sam. Bishop, Wood-street, hatters. John King, Berkley, Gloucestershire, cordwainer. Paul Poppleton, Aldmondbury, Yorkshire, drysalter. William Pitts, Little Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, working silversmith. William Tench, Bolton-Mill, Northumberland, miller. John Dawes, late of Camomile-street, London, mariner. John Downie, Old Broad-street, merchant. William Felton, Leather-lane, coach-maker. Thomas Martin and John Henry Ford, Coleman-street, London, wool-brokers. John Clark, Holton, Suffolk, merchant. James Fisher, Lancaster, merchant. Francis Monk, Folkstone, Kent, tanner. Hieronymus John Clauson, late of America-square, London, merchant. Emanuel Richmond, Charlotte Mews, St. Pancras, stable-keeper. John Shelley, Mile-End-road, . John Cramer, of the Royal Spa Gardens, Bermondsey, victualler and musical instrument-maker. Harry Hale, Birchin-lane, London, oilman. Hugh Moore, Ironmonger-lane, London, merchant. Samuel Dutton, Manchester, merchant. Isaac Henry, Liverpool, shopkeeper. John Briggs, Yarmouth, slopseller. Thomas Binless, Basinghall-street, London, factor. W. Ick Jackson, Hungerford, Berks, grocer.

William Gardner, Newent, Gloucestershire, baker Daniel Fuller, Woodbridge, Suffolk, maltster and merchant. William Bentstead, Halesworth, Suffolk, maltster. William Cooper, Nottingham, grocer. Thomas Blyth, Birmingham, factor. George Blaylock, Newcastle upon Tyne, merchant. Thomas Lewis, Bristol, merchant. William Elkington, Birmingham, wholesale grocer. Mary Hansord and Susannah Leonard, Dover-street, Piccadilly, milliners. Mary Walford, Old-street, soap-boiler. William Buck, St. Mary at Hill, London, merchant. George Duckett, Middle-street, Somer's Town, merchant. John Kennedy, Broad-street, merchant. Thomas Perry Tuther, Holborn-hill, linen-draper. William Thompson, Dean-street, Southwark, and Ebenezer Leadbeater, Moor place, Lambeth, merchants. Joseph Sheriff, Blackfriars Road, linen-draper. James Robinson, Liverpool, provision-merchant. David M'Clure, Woodbridge, Suffolk, brandy-merchant. John Wotton Bennett, Exeter, dyer. John Warwick, Long Buckley, Northampton, taylor. Henry Knowles, Rushworth, Halifax, cotton-spinner. William Fletcher, Hoxton, money-scrivener. Tho. Clark, Liverpool, sadler. Josiah Jackson, Wm. Lowe, Charles Johnson, James Shufflebotham, Jno. Johnson, and James Leigh, Manchester, merchants. Peter Boardmen, Bolton, Lancaster, manufacturer. John Gill, Naburn, York, draper. William Barwell, Yarmouth, brandy-merchant. Charles Burcham, Stowmarket, Suffolk, butcher. John Curtis, Boston, Lincoln, innholder. Edward Tovey, North Bradley, Wilts, clothier. Mark Noble, Narrow Wall, Lambeth, merchant. William Fell, St. Martin's-lane, taylor. Thos. Hodgson, Stamford Bridge Lodge, Yorkshire, beast jobber. Sam. Bradbury, Aldersgate-street, banker. Obadiah Bennett, Bell-yard, Carey-street, taylor. William

Blacklock, Rathbone-place, dealer in glass and earthenware. Robert Finnis, Tavistock-street, Bedford-square, money-scrivener. John Brook Knight, Camomile-street, cordwainer. Charles Pollington, Havant, Hampshire, shopkeeper. Wm. Merritt, Blackman-street, Southwark, stationer. Edmund Utting Watling, Tooting, Surrey, merchant. William Thompson, Manchester, dealer. James Windett, Norwich, grocer. John Davis, Wallingford, Berks, wine and brandy merchant. Stephen Richings and Somerset Richings, Oxford, breeches-makers. James Murray, Portsmouth, sadler. Anthony Thompson, Sheffield, merchant. William Leveridge, Shoreditch, cabinet-maker. Henry Gloves, Merthyrtidvil, Glamorgan, shopkeeper. Frederick George Fisher, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, bookseller. Edmund Utting Watlings, Tooting, Surrey, merchant. George Holden the younger, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. Jas. Selway, Broad Way, Westminster, grocer. John Handley, Manchester, carrier. James Whittaker, Haslingden, Lancaster, grocer. Thomas Cullimore, late of Bristol, merchant. John Perkins, Huntingdon, banker. Benjamin Haynes, Pepper-street, St. Saviour, Surry, hat-maker. Thomas Norris, Petersfield, Southampton, victualler. Jas. Day, Oxford-street, linen-draper. William King, Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, draper. Thomas Obey, Upper Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, bricklayer. Thomas Norris, Manchester, cotton-merchant. Page Burton, Hamlet of Ratcliff, builder. John Nash, Dean-street, Shadwell, master-mariner. Wm. Hunt, Chepping Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, inn-holder. John Schofield, Copy Nook, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. William Parks Aston, Warwick, carrier. William Hart, Lothbury, London, Blackwell-hall-factor. Francis Hitchon, Newcastle-street, Strand, whalebone-cutter.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN DECEMBER, 1803.

BIRTH.

A FEW days ago, in Carlisle, a poor woman, named Fanny Johnston, aged 52 years, was delivered of a fine boy. Her husband is in his 74th year.

MARRIED.

At Portsmouth, on the 24th ult. Major-Gen. Lloyd, of the Royal Artillery, to Mrs. Beaumez, sister to the Lady of Admiral Holloway.

Lately, at Streatham, Edward Wilkinson, Esq. of Balaam-hill, to Miss Young of Brompton Church.

At Barnet, Captain Lewis, of the Honourable East India Company's Cavalry, to Miss R. Willows, of Golden-square.

Walter Henry Bracebridge, Esq. of the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards, to Miss Bracebridge, daughter of A. Bracebridge, Esq. of Atherstone-hall.

At Hanbury, in Dorsetshire, the seat of the Countess of Stafford, Wm. Churchill, Esq. to the Countess of Stafford.

At the Priory, the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, Sir T. Manners Sutton, Solicitor-General to his Majesty, to Miss Copley, sister to Sir Lionel Copley, Bart.

At Cranham, in Essex, Robert Snow, Esq. banker, in the Strand, to Miss Strahan, niece of the Rev. Geo. Strahan, Rector of Cranham.

DEATHS.

At his seat at Balbitan, General Benjamin Gordon, aged 84, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 48th Regiment of Foot. General Gordon was for many years engaged in actual service, where he was often in very perilous situations, and always acquitted himself with peculiar propriety. He was the oldest freeholder in Aberdeenshire.

In the 99th year of her age, Sarah Taylor, of Prescot, widow of Peter Taylor, of Whiston, with whom she lived 63 years. She has left five sons, 39 grand-children, 69 great grand-children. and two great great grand children, making in all 115, all living.

At Eyton, near Baschurch, Tho. Williams, a young man who generally worked as a labourer in the neighbourhood. His death was occasioned by the bite of a dog on the hand some time ago, which was supposed to be mad, as the patient died with the dreadful symptoms usual in hydrophobia—a circumstance the more distressing, as he was anxiously endeavouring at the time he was bitten, to save a child from the fury of the dog.